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PERKINS—"HIS MARCH TO THE SEA."

A Wonderful Biography of a Wonderful Man—"Sinbad the Sailor" Nowhere.

A late number of that sportful Jacky paper, Boruck's *Spirit of the Times*, contains a stiff, patent-medicine sort of a picture of the Republican nominee for Governor, George C. Perkins, accompanied by a flashy, sporting biographical sketch of this wonderful man, who has all of a sudden broken in upon the political horizon like a clap of thunder in a clear sky, or a bomb-shell from a Chinese battery.

The eulogist commences by saying: "A sketch of the life of the Republican nominee for Governor, reads like a romance." Well, why should it not read like a romance, when it is written as a romance? It goes on—"A remarkable instance of the reward of self-help. It should be taken to heart by every youngster in California as an example of what perseverance and probity will accomplish." And what was the first smart thing that this precocious stripling did, that a held up as a model example for "every youngster in California to take to heart?" Why, he took, at eight years old, his first step in his "March to the Sea," by "running away from home and engaging as a cabin-boy, and a sailor before the mast." Or, to use the chronicler's own words, "When eight years old he went to live on his uncle's farm, to work in the summer and go to the district school in winter. The furrow was too narrow a path for him to plod along in, however, and, truth to tell, the attractions of the country seminary were not overwhelming; so one day (having no Rachel to bind him to his uncle's farm) he listened too longingly to the call of the ocean that had sounded in his ears at his birth, and stealing out of the house and down the road—ran away. Reaching a seaport, he shipped as cabin-boy on the first vessel that offered a vacancy. As the drudge of the Captain, and before the mast, he made no less than seven voyages to Europe, besides calling at the chief towns on the Atlantic seaboard." A pretty example that, to set before our California youngsters! The eulogist goes on to say that his hero's sea voyages were beneficial; by taking him to different countries, "he was enabled to gain a very practical knowledge of the appearance, resources and people of those countries, a fund of information equally valuable with the fund of health." A wonderful school for a cabin boy, or a sailor before the mast! We all know what kind of a school that is for boys, and how much valuable information they get in it. Well, in one of these voyages the sailor boy visited Sweden. "Arrived there," says the chronicler, "he determined to pay a visit to that historic pile, the King's Palace. Starting with another boy, they soon stood before the massive structure. To reach it was one thing, to enter another; for a broad, deep moat surrounded the walls, and the draw-bridge that, when down, gave access to the interior, was drawn close up to the dropped portcullis. But as young Perkins had come to see the castle and to look at it (how could he see without looking at it?) he determined not to give up the idea in face of a simple closed gate. Searching around for any means of accomplishing this object, the two boys at length discovered a disused sewer, which led under the moat. The opening was choked and the passage difficult, but nothing daunted, the two lads plunged in, and after struggling ahead in the dark for some time, at length found themselves in a court yard and inside the castle. Perceived, the boys were soon surrounded by the guards, who evidently took them for poachers in search of the hen roosts—which was a more probable object of strolling sailors than the pretext of wanting to see the architecture of the old castle. However, the boys got out alive, or else the Republicans would not now be able to present their sailor candidate for the suffrages of the intelligent, enlightened people of California, as a candidate for Governor! What a loss it would have been—if not to mankind in general and the good people of California in particular, at least a most irreparable one to the Republicans of our State—if this enterprising boy had not fitted himself to represent them as Governor by "stealing out" of his uncle's house and "running away," and then burrowing in the dirty scum of an old castle sewer, in pursuing his investigations to qualify him to lead the Republican party in their political campaigns!

GRAND RESULTS.

Mr. Eastman, the principal Republican speaker on Wednesday night, said that the extra session of the Democratic Congress just closed (he omitted to say it was called by a Republican President) had occupied all the summer and expended two millions of the people's money without accomplishing anything of importance. Now it will be remembered that Gov. Woods, perhaps the best as well as the most candid and able Republican speaker on this Coast, referring to Congress and its acts, acknowledged that Senator Thurman was one of its best men and greatest statesmen. Well, let the reader judge between the opinions of the aforesaid Mr. Eastman and of Senator Thurman as to the results of the extra session and what was accomplished. All candid men will not only prefer the latter's opinion but will accept it as correct and rejoice over what the Democratic extra session accomplished. In a letter to Gen. Geo. W. Morgan, of Ohio, Senator Thurman expresses his opinion of the result of the special session of Congress in these words: In my judgment, no session of Congress has ever done more for the vindication of the principles of American liberty. We have successfully maintained the principle that the bayonet shall not control the ballot-box; we have repealed the infamous juror's test oath; we have provided for impartial juries in the Federal Courts, North and South, and we have maintained the principle that the Federal Government shall not interfere in the election of the officers of the States. A greater declaration in favor of popular liberty has not been made since the adoption of the Magna Charta.

CAMPAIGN VIEWS

It is decidedly entertaining to take a view from a quiet look-out position, of the workings and management of the political issues of the present campaign. In the first place, since Kearney, the foreigner, gained such notoriety, the foreign style is all the go. The bilk patent medicine inventor, Smith, turns into Dr. DeSmith, and Jones into Dr. DeJones, as seen by the labels in the drug stores, and we have the politician Young, De Young; the politician Long, De Long, etc. You see these fellows who come from the back woods of Massachusetts and New York take on airs of gentle and aristocratic blood out west, worse than a Frenchman. The editors and managers of the two leading Republican papers of the State—the Sacramento *Bee* and *Record-Union*—are all foreigners, some of them not naturalized, and who refuse to become American citizens. The burden of their outcry is against "land monopoly" and abuse of Dr. Glenn as a land monopolist, who owns, has bought, paid for and cultivates, some 50,000 acres. Whilst doing so the pharisaical demagogues of course never once mention their patron, the Central Pacific Railroad Company, who own and hold for speculation their eight million acres of land, the gift of the Government, uncultivated and exempt from taxation by law until they can sell it. Nor do they mention the monopoly tricks of their candidate for Governor, George C. Perkins, who has the monopoly of furnishing fresh water supplies for shipping in the port of San Francisco; who is a stock-holder in large bodies of land held for speculation, in a colonization scheme; who is chief owner and manager of the powerful "Pacific Coast Steamship Company," besides being President of a bank. Perkins recently from the stump stated as a fact that the new Constitution could not touch his navigation company, as it was a matter exclusively in the hands of Congress to regulate. Yet it is driving off all competition by lowering freights and fares to ruinous rates when opposition appears on any of their lines, and no sooner is the opposition driven or bought off than up go the rates again. Like the scuttle fish these papers are throwing clouds of ink all around to distract public attention and to bring Glenn's farm into special prominence. McClatchy, of the *Bee*, goes so far and has become so zealous in the work that he advocates the entire abolition of land titles in America, on account of Glenn. He hates Glenn and has set out on his mission to ruin him, although Dr. Glenn was the pioneer wheat grower on a large scale, on this Coast, who, more than any hundred other men demonstrated the capacity of the climate and soil of the Coast for the great productive industry which exceeds the yield of all the mines, and exceeds the value of all the balance of our exports. The *Bee* would do away with all private ownership of land to effect its object. It says in the issue of the 24th instant: "If you cannot do it without arms, then by arms let it be done; it will be worth the loss of a million of lives. Let the landlords suffer for the liberty of the race; and you who are Irishmen born, shout back to the land of your birth and to the followers of the late O'Connell that there is no land monopoly here—then ho! for England and Ireland." The sooner such pesky writers ho! for England and Ireland the better for America. BLACKS.

CANDID OPINION OF A WORKINGMAN'S CANDIDATE.

In noticing the withdrawal of Geo. T Elliott, the Workingmen's candidate for Congress in this district, Mr. Montgomery, editor of the *Solano Republican* and the Workingmen's candidate for Senator in the Solano District, thus alludes to the reason why Mr. Elliott thought it best to withdraw from the contest:

"We have noticed that the rank and file of the Republican party is as badly disaffected as the Democrats. Indeed the only victories the Workingmen have gained thus far are from Republican counties, not Democratic. And it is reasonable that such should be the case, for certainly of the two parties the Republican party is the most vulnerable. As a party the Workingmen could not afford to compromise the party by endorsing either Berry or McKenna, but if there is no chance to elect a man, we believe it would be best to nominate no one at all. If we could pursue this course and allow McKenna and Berry to run upon their merits neither could complain that our party was assisting the other to an election. As Workingmen we don't care whether either a Republican or a Democrat is elected, if there is no show to elect a Workingman, consequently we do not care to throw our prestige either way.

THE argument of the new party apologists that only those who voted for the adoption of the new Constitution should hold office under it, is exploded by their persistence in carrying it into local politics. The climax of the ridiculous is reached when it is argued that a county officer should, as a requisite for office, be a devout advocate of the new instrument, and the ruse can only be interpreted as a very thin guise by which a few of the prominent leaders hope to ride into office. When a party is forced to accept as standard bearers men who have affiliated with every wild-cat movement, and have abandoned every party principle they ever possessessed, hoping to satisfy an insatiable greed for office, it certainly looks as though there was "something dead in Denmark."

NOTWITHSTANDING the diatribe in Wednesday's little seven-by-nine, against George C. Gorham, the writer of the article would, in opposition to the mass of the people, still be admiring him to-day, as the article referred to admits he did twelve years ago, when Gorham was so overwhelmingly defeated for Governor, if it were not that he is now engaged in exposing the extortions of the monopolists and the rottenness of some of the leaders of the Republican party. But never mind, little fellow; George says he'll be with you again after this campaign is over. He's really as good a Republican now as ever.

NEED MEN BE LANDLESS?

We respond emphatically, *No!* There is land enough, unoccupied land enough in California, for every young man in our state, and for every boy who can swing an axe or *ride* a plough. One might think to read the papers and speeches of the political gamins of the day, that because Dr. Glenn owns a farm of some 50 or 60,000 acres of land which he is yearly cultivating in wheat, that there is no land left for any one else. Even as intelligent a paper as the *Sacramento Record-Union*, the servile instrument of the great Railroad monopoly, utters such puerile nonsense as this:

"A monopolist like Dr. Glenn cuts right across the healthy line of social development, and in excluding a large part of the common inheritance he introduces to the situation myriad noxious and paralyzing agencies. The influence which he exerts is depraving, and not elevating. [illegible] out from his fellows the prospect of possessing enough land to support themselves, he discourages that wholesome ambition which is the main stimulus to the growth of a yeoman class. The frowning and inhospitable fences which crowd the people off his vast domains help to thrust them back into the hopeless toil of the cities, and assists in recruiting the ever swelling ranks of the idle and the dissolute."

Now of the 120,000,000 acres and over of land in California, one half, or 60,000,000 acres, are adapted to cultivation, and of that sixty millions of acres, not more than about 6,000,000 are under cultivation. This leaves some 54,000,000 acres for these landless brawlers of the city sand lots, and the "healthy line of social development" that the weeping Sacramento organ is so distressed about, to go to work on, instead of "swelling the ranks of the idle and the dissolute," who howl about our cities, instead of going to work like honest men to develop these resources of nature, and earning an honest living. Over 10,000,000 acres of the farmers' domain of California have been swallowed up in the voracious maws of these Railroad monopoly vampires. But our Sacramento champion of the people's interest does not see anything dangerous or wrong in all this; but it is those "Glenn acres" that trouble this watchful guardian of the squatter brigade. "Those frowning and inhospitable fences!" Oh, Dr. Glenn, how could you do it? Why will you fence out those hordes of wild cattle and the sand-lotters?

KEARNEY ON THE RAILROAD SWITCH.

What's up with Kearney? Is he seeking the office of conductor or baggage-man on one of Stanford's railroads? He seems to be on the switch, ready to switch off or on, as the pay shall appear to the best advantage. He is already hedging in behalf of the great R. R. monopoly, and trying to change the popular current against lowering the rates of fares and freights on those roads. This is what the *Bee* quotes Kearney as saying in one of his late speeches in Sacramento: "You in Sacramento who work in the railroad shops must bear in mind that your wages are at stake. If fares and freights are cut down, your wages must be cut down also." What better argument against reducing fares and freights could the most ultra railroad organ present?

The *Bee* very correctly remarks: "Mr. Perkins is before the people not so much as a representative Republican as the only outspoken enemy of land grabbing and land monopoly among the candidates for Governor."

Bosh! Perkins is against no monopoly if he is interested in it. Might as well say he is against the monopoly of watering the vessels in San Francisco harbor; might as well say he is against the terrible monopoly of tug boats, when he charges five times as much for towing a vessel ten miles as they do in Boston for fifteen miles; might as well say he is against the monopoly of the coasting trade of California, both north and south of San Francisco. Since the destruction of the "Great Republic" he has raised the price to double what it was when that steamer was running against his monopoly. The mysterious wreck of that vessel was a godsend to him. Dr. Glenn raises wheat to load ships, and the Central Pacific and Goodall Perkins & Co. monopolize the freighting business. There is an old saying that the man who causes two blades of grass to grow where only one grew before, is a public benefactor. Dr. Glenn exemplifies that idea, while Perkins and his crowd, the C. P. R. R., hold millions of acres of good ground without putting even a hoe into it, and not even paying half taxes on it.

The Pubs. are trying to cover up their own guilt in the employment of Chinese by thousands, by crying out that Dr. Glenn has employed a few of them, which he admits he has done in the past to a limited extent when he could not procure white men, and only then. How about Perkins' whole steamboat crews of Mongolians, on his lines of steamers? That's all right. How about their principal patron, the C. P. R. R. Co., employing thousands of them? That's all right too. And when a Democratic Congress passed a bill to prohibit Chinese immigration, the fraudulent President, Hayes, vetoed the measure. That of course was all right—so say these falsifyers of the real truth, by their silence in not referring to these matters. Chinese immigration has been largely brought about by the Republicans; it has been fostered by them. It has always been opposed by the Democratic party.

Now comes the well informed Alameda *Argus*, and makes Glenn a graduate of Harvard. We will wager a year's subscription of the *Argus* that Glenn don't know in what city the University of Harvard is situated; that he can't show a diploma or any other evidence that he ever was there, etc.—*Republican.*

Hold on, friend! Now don't you just want to advertise the *Argus*? Don't you know its no use you betting on a thing like that? You wouldn't know a diploma if you saw one. It is not a railroad ticket, my dear, nor is it a pass. It's something you don't know anything about. So ease off your steam. B.

DEATH-BED REPENTANCE.

As usual the Republicans are trying to make a hero and demi-god of their candidate for Governor, Geo. C. Perkins, whose career commenced, say these eulogists, by running away from home when a boy, and (as with most vagabond boys,) he took to the sea and became a sailor, before the mast, and at length, like Captain Kidd, became a sea Captain and ship owner, and whether he followed out Captain Kidd's career as Rover of the Seas his historians do not enlighten us. At all events he got rich and waxed fat. All at once this sailor boy turns up in California and is put in the place once occupied by Geo. Cooley Gorham, at the head of the Republican ticket, for Governor of California. It is true no one had ever heard of Geo. (Cooley) Perkins, or knew who he was, until he was shaken out of the rigging of one of his brigantines of the coast, and corralled and put on the Republican ticket, to be beaten out of sight by the "Juke of Jacinto," the great "land monopolist," who didn't run away from home when a boy, and has had the temerity, the audacity, by hard work in filling the soil and saving up his honest earnings, to buy and own more land than the "Rover of the Seas" has been able to own since coming to California.

But we must proceed with the main object of this article, which is to show how this runaway-sailor-boy-candidate for Governor acted when he thought he was going to die. Whether it was a compunctious visitation for having charged his store customers—the farmers, mechanics and miners—double prices for his goods, and ruinous interest to his debtors, and was afraid of the great settlement that awaited him in the dark hereafter—however that may be, this is what his eulogist, a writer in the *S. F. Post* says of his supposed last moments:

"He continued to sink, and a council of physicians was held. Painfully the council announced to him that hope had fled—that he must prepare to die. At once, without premeditation, he exclaimed: 'My God; what will become of my poor friends who owe me so much.' * * * Debts to the amount of $75,000 stood upon his books, and believing that his dissolution was near at hand, his mind was filled with anguish at the fear that those who would have the settlement of his estate would distress these poor men. Immediately a highly respectable attorney, Mr. Leonard, who can testify to the truthfulness of what is here written, was summoned, and to him Mr. Perkins dictated his 'last will and testament.' After making provisions for his family, it was distinctly made the duty of his executors to cancel the indebtedness of all his creditors who had not prospered in their various vocations. The writer was a witness to this will, and knows whereof he writes."

But this future "Governor of California" was not thus summarily to be disposed of. He got well; but what about the "canceled indebtedness?" About that, the least said the better for this candidate's homeomba popularity. This calls to mind a little ditch we have read somewhere; it runs thus:

"When the devil fell sick,
The devil a saint would be;
When the devil got well,
A devil of a saint was he."

ON the 13th inst. the *Solano Times* published the statement that a meeting of the Third District Convention W. P. C. had been held at which 19 delegates were present, when the nomination of C. P. Berry was declared off, and G. T. Elliott was nominated in his stead. The statement was published on the authority of one of the delegates and it now transpires that the whole matter was a piece of political trickery to depose Mr. Berry, but it would not work. Instead of 19 delegates there were but four, the whole number being 26. The *Times* adds that Hon. C. P. Berry is still the Congressional standard bearer of the W. P. C, as well as that of the N. C. P., and of the Democracy.

THE truth was misrepresented by Mr. Eastman in his Republican speech in this place, when he said the Republicans in Congress—naming Blaine and Sargent—had done all that had been done in opposition to Chinese immigration. He must have thought his audience were a set of fools. But he was mistaken. They knew very well that no bill restricting Chinese immigration could be passed in Congress until the Democrats obtained control; that at the last regular session such a bill was passed by the Democrats aided by a few Republicans, and that it was then vetoed by Hayes, a Republican President.

IF the Workingmen are foolish enough to be led off by the *Call* to desert the Democratic party that always befriended them, and vote for White, which may be the means of electing Perkins, the representative of the aristocrats and the monopolists, they will one day bitterly rue it. Far better cast their votes for the Democratic ticket throughout, and thereby effectively advance their own best interests.

THE idea of the Workingmen playing into the hands of the Republicans is the strangest of all the strange things occurring in politics at this time. They have not the ghost of a show of electing their ticket, and we believe the considerate portion of them will so conclude and vote for the men and the party that have always befriended them, and whose interests are identical with theirs.

WE have been asked why it is that the *Call* is trying so hard to give prominence to White, the Workingmen's candidate for Governor? Our idea is just this: The fight is between Glenn and Perkins, and the *Call* wants White to draw voters enough from Glenn to elect Perkins—White having always heretofore been a Democrat.

THE Democratic ratification meeting at San Francisco Wednesday night was a grand success. Platt's Hall was crowded. Dr. Glenn was the principle speaker, and set forth his views in clear, ringing, unmistakable Democratic style. He was followed by State Controller Brown, Col. Taylor and others

The Yolo Democrat.

WOODLAND, YOLO CO., CAL.,

THURSDAY, AUGUST 7, 1879.

Watch Words.

Though gathering clouds and stormy seas of Fate
Two golden watch-words guide and comfort me:
Toiling along my path, early and late,
I cling to Patience and Fidelity.

In all the weary changes of my day
I strive to follow duty faithfully;
And when I falter, fainting, by the way,
With subtle influence Patience strengthens me.

So onward through what suffering God may send,
I walk with faith, and feet that shall not tire,
Trusting with Patience, strong unto the end,
To reach at last, O Lord, my soul's desire.

—*Helen S. Conant, in Harper's Magazine.*

Adrienne's Mistake.

Adrienne Huntley sat thoughtfully reading two letters. Her father and brother had long since finished their breakfast and departed to their daily avocations. Still she did not move; her barely tasted coffee had grown cold, and the spaniel, Floss, waited in vain for his usual knob of sugar.

Very pretty was Adrienne, though now an anxious frown contracted her delicate brows. The male population of Colnwood were not far wrong when they declared her to be the belle of the town. Not often would you meet with such a pure-tinted complexion, such lustrous dark eyes, such a coronal of glossy chestnut plaits, or such a perfectly-proportioned figure.

At length she rose, and ringing to have the table cleared, went about her usual household occupations.

She neglected nothing. The pantry was duly inspected, stores were given out, pastry was made, and the necessary amount of dusting was accomplished. But during the performance of these customary duties, her face never lost its *distraite*, pre-occupied expression.

The last post the night before had brought her an offer of marriage. This offer was from a gentleman whom she respected much, but certainly did not love. He was, though, very rich, and the owner of considerable property in the neighborhood.

Then by the first post that morning had come another proposal. Strange to say from the cousin of her other suitor. He, however, had neither land nor money to boast of, being by profession an artist, and at present an unknown, unappreciated one.

Hence arose Adrienne's difficulty. She liked her rich lover, but alas! for the contrariety of human nature, she loved the poor one. But, then, all her life she had had to pinch, and contrive, and manage. Her father was a poor doctor in a poor town, and every dollar his patients paid him was spent in anticipation long before it found its way into his waiting hand.

A new pair of gloves, or a new ribbon was a subject for deep rejoicing to his pretty daughter, while the cunning turnings and twistings and retrimmings that her bonnets and dresses underwent, would fairly have astonished a young lady of more ample means.

Consequently, a sharp temptation now assailed her. Should she bid adieu to poverty, and shabbiness, and second-rate living, and accept George Morley, and with him the certainty of a splendid home, carriage, plentiful jewelry, and all these countless luxuries that wealth alone can purchase? Or should she—bravely resisting the enticing prospect—consent to become Guy Morley's wife, and by her presence and sympathy soothe and encourage him in his struggles and disappointments?

It was hard to decide, and all the morning she hesitated and wavered. In the afternoon irresolution was no longer possible. Yet even with her desk open and writing materials ready, she paused. What should she do? Which should it be? At last, with pale face and compressed mouth, she dipped her pen in the ink and wrote two short notes. And the one of acceptance was for George Morley and the one of rejection was for his cousin Guy.

These despatched, she hoped her mind would be at peace. But no, she felt wretched and miserable, and in the twilight when she played to her father, and sang his favorite old ballads, her voice had a harsh, strained ring, and suddenly, in the midst of the concluding verse of "Auld Robin Grey," she broke down completely, and burst into tears.

"Why Addie, child, are you not well? Is anything the matter, dear?" exclaimed her father.

"I—my head aches. I will go to bed, I think. Good-night, papa."

Once in her room the pent-up feelings so long repressed had their way. Now that it was too late, she would have given her right hand to have been able to retract her decision. Position and comfort, dresses and diamonds, of what value would they be to her without him?

A sleepless night passed, and she arose tired and heavy-eyed. Every knock at the door, every ring at the bell, caused her to tremble with fear and apprehension. She must expect an early visit from her favored suitor; she must expect him to arrive, radiant with triumph, and how should she meet him?

It was evening, but he had not come. Her father had been called to a patient at some distance, her brothers had gone to attend a lecture on vivisection, and Adrienne was alone in the drawing-room.

She could not sit still; so out through the open French window she stepped, and across the smooth-cut grass.

At the end of the lawn was a moss-grown path, and up and down this she paced, her dress of soft gray making a moving figure distinctly visible against the somber background of an ivy-covered wall.

The sunset hour was past, the opal tints of the sky were darkening, when a step on the gravel startled her, and a man's figure came hastening towards her.

Instinctively she recoiled, and would have fled; but in a moment she was folded in strong arms, and hot kisses were felt on cheeks, and lips, and brow.

"Hush, dearest," she began, trying to release herself.

The waning light revealed who it was that held her in such close embrace. Resistance was at an end then.

She forgot that her troth was plighted elsewhere—forgot everything but the present rapture, as she let her head droop forward on Guy's breast.

"Oh! my darling—my darling!" he murmured in passionate accents, "what have I done to deserve such happiness? I scarcely dared to hope that you would be mine, and when I had your sweet little letter, I think I was nearly delirious with joy for a time."

"My letter? Why, it—why, I—"

"You expected me before, dearest? You thought me a tardy wooer, did you not? But I have strange and wonderful news to tell you, only now I can think of nothing but you, my beautiful one!"

"Oh! Guy, 'stay—stay. Have you my letter with you? Let me see it, please?"

Reluctantly, and with many fond endearments, he withdrew his arms, and produced the precious epistle.

She read it, and her blushes were succeeded by a deadly pallor, as she discovered that she must have put the note in the wrong envelopes, so that the letter of acceptance had reached "G Morley, Esq., care of Mrs. Prett, and the letter of rejection had gone to "G. Morley, Esq., Petterwood Hall." Their initials and surnames being the same had rendered such a miscarriage perfectly easy and undetectable.

Unwittingly she had obeyed the dictates of her heart. Should she now let things be as they were? Should she say no word, but allow her lover to remain in blissful ignorance of her former mercenary determination? No one had been in her confidence; even her father had been unaware of the receipt of her two proposals. But honor and loyalty whispered nay. She must tell Guy all, and then—and then—

He had become impatient, and would have drawn her to his side again but she stepped back.

"No, no, wait. I—I have something to say to you."

Very low and quivering was her voice.

"Yes, darling, I am listening, but do not try my patience too much. You have not given me a single word of welcome yet."

Whiter she grew.

"I made a mistake. I did not write this letter to you."

"Did not write that letter to me, Adrienne? Oh, Heaven! what do you mean?"

He had sprung forward and grasped her arm so fiercely that she winced with pain. His face was ghastly, and his eyes were fixed on her with wild entreaty.

"I had a proposal of marriage from Mr. George Morley, and I wrote this letter to accept it."

"And what was my answer, then?" he hoarsely interrupted.

"It—I said I was sorry but I could not be your wife, but—"

He staggered back. The revulsion of feeling was too much, and he felt stunned and dizzy.

For the first time since she had begun her explanation she raised her head and looked at him. With a cry she sprang to him.

"Oh, Guy, forgive me, forgive. It is you I care for, you I love. I have been so unhappy ever since I sent the letters. It was his wealth that tempted me. I have been so poor all my life, and I thought it would be so nice to be rich; but when I had written I saw my wickedness. I knew I could never be happy with him, and I did not know what to do. I have been dreading that he would come all day, and I was afraid to see him."

She clung to him in agony; but he was passive and silent, making no motion to hold her.

"Oh! Guy, speak to me," she moaned; "say you do not utterly despise me!"

Gently he disengaged her hands, slowly he retreated a pace.

"You would have thrown me over because I was poor; you would have married George because he is rich."

"Yes," she faltered, standing like a criminal before him, her bosom heaving and her fingers tightly entwined.

"You would have done violence to your own feelings; you would have deceived him by a pretence of affection, when all the while his wealth was the attraction?"

"Yes," came the low, pitiful whisper.

"And I—I should have been treated as a daring, presumptuous fellow, who—"

"No—no! I never should have thought that. You do not know how bitterly I repent. Oh! forgive me, even if you can no longer love me!"

She waited, her very attitude pleading for mercy; then sadly, and with lagging feet, she turned to go.

Scarcely a dozen yards had she proceeded when with a hasty stride or two he had overtaken her.

She shrank away.

"Spare me any further reproaches. You are cruelly just; for a moment of weakness you would mete out a lifetime of punishment."

"My darling!"

She started and turned, and the love she thought was forfeited forever she knew was hers still.

"I must tell you my news now, dearest. I had a telegram yesterday, summoning me to London at once. I went, and found it was from a firm of lawyers. They informed me that a distant relation, from whom I had not the slightest expectations, had died, and left me a large fortune. I stayed just to sign a few papers, then hurried back, for I was eager to have your answer. It was waiting at my lodgings; and, as soon as I read it, I came straight here. So you see dear, you will have a rich husband, after all."

"Hush—hush! Don't—please don't!" she begged.

"Forgive me, dear one! I was wrong to speak so. But you forget that you have not yet sealed your promise to me."

"What do you mean?"

"Not one kiss have I received, and I have been very patient, I think, Sweetheart, I claim my due now."

She lifted her rosy lips, and the seal was set to their betrothal.

There is no better place than Fort Worth to observe the cow-boy, that peculiar product of wild frontier life. He is apt to make himself obnoxious in a crowded town, but seen on his native heath, cantering over the plains on his swift mustang, swinging his lariat and shouting his whoop and halloa to the fleeing steers, he is a picturesque spectacle. He lives in a hut or tent, sleeps in summer rolled in his blanket in the open air, is in the saddle from morning to night, settles his quarrels with his six-shooter, looks upon killing as a venal offense, and upon cattle-stealing as a capital crime, and is altogether the most free and independent fellow to be found in this peculiarly free and independent country.

A Useful Plant-bug—the Cochineal.

While the Cocci, or plant-bugs, are in our country deservedly detested as a nuisance, destroying the beauty of many of our garden plants by their blighting presence; while, in 1843, the Coccus of the orange trees proved so destructive in the Azores that the Island of Fayal, which annually exported 12,000 chests of fruit, lost its entire produce from this cause alone, two tropical members of the family, as if to make up for the misdeeds of their relations, furnish us—the one with a most splendid of all scarlet dyes, and the other with gum-lack, a substance of scarcely inferior value.

The gardener spares no trouble to protect his hot and greenhouse plants from the invasion of the *Coccus hesperidum;* but the Mexican *haciendero* purposely lays out his Nopal plantations that they may be preyed upon by the *Coccus cacti*, and rejoices when he sees the leaves of his prickly pear thickly strewn with this valuable parasite.

The female, who, from her form and habits, might not unaptly be called the tortoise of the insect world, is much larger than the winged male, and of a dark brown color, with two light spots on the back, covered with a white powder. She uses her little legs only during her first youth, but soon she sucks herself fast, and henceforward remains immovably attached to the spot she has chosen, while her mate continues to lead a wandering life. While thus fixed like an oyster, she swells or grows to such a size that she looks more like a seed or berry than an insect; and her legs, antennæ and proboscis, concealed by the expanding body, can scarcely be distinguished by the naked eye.

Great care is taken to kill the insects before the young escape from the eggs, as they have then the greatest weight, and are most impregnated with coloring matter. They are detached by a blunt knife or dipped in boiling water to kill them, and then dried in the sun, when they have the appearance of small, dry, shriveled berries, of a deep brown purple or mulberry color, with a white matter between the wrinkles. The collecting takes place three times a year in the plantations, where the insect, improved by human care, is nearly twice as large as the wild cocus, which in Mexico is gathered six times in the same period.

Although the collecting of the cochineal is exceedingly tedious—about 70,000 insects going to a single pound—yet, considering the high price of the article, its rearing would be very lucrative, if both the insect and the plant it feeds upon were not liable to the ravages of many diseases, and the attacks of numerous enemies.

The conquest of Mexico by Cortez first made the Spaniards acquainted with cochineal. They soon learned to value it as one of the most important products of their new empire; and in order to secure its monopoly, prohibited, under pain of death, the exportation of the insect, and of the equally indigenous Nopal, or *Cactus cochinellifer*. In the year 1677, however, Thierry de Meronville, a Frenchman, made an effort to deprive them of the exclusive possession of the treasure they guarded with such jealous care. Under a thousand dangers, and by means of lavish bribery, he succeeded in transporting some of the plants, along with their costly parasite, to the French colony of San Domingo; but, unfortunately, his perseverance did not lead to any favorable results, and more than a century elapsed after this first ineffectual attempt before the rearing of cochineal extended beyond its original limits.

In the year 1827, M. Berthelot, director of the botanical garden at Orotava, introduced it into the Canary Islands, where it thrives admirably upon the *Opuntia ficus indica;* so that in 1838 the exportation amounted to 18,000 pounds, and has since then been continually increasing. Cochineal is now reared near Valencia, Cadiz and Malaga, and in Algeria; in various parts of the West Indies and the United States of Columbia; in Brazil; East Indies and Java; and though Mexico still continues to furnish it in the greatest abundance, yet in point of quality it is distanced by its youthful rival, Teneriffe.

In the year 1856 more than 800,000 pounds of cochineal were imported into France, of which the Canary Islands alone furnished nearly one-half—a proof, among others, how much the wealth of a country may be increased by the introduction of a new article of commerce.—*Chimney Corner.*

Narrow Escape.

We recently read of a brutal "big boy," who tied a child to a huge dog, and set the animal running, bruising the child so that he died. A like result was narrowly escaped in the following case, though it is a relief to know that no one's cruelty was to blame. A Wisconsin paper says:

A queer occurrence took place in the township of Harmony, near Milton, last Saturday. Little Clarence Walsh, a three-year-old son of Mr. Henry Walsh, was playing with his dog in the yard when he conceived the idea of fastening the dog's chain about his own body, and letting the dog run and pull him.

In their play, the chain became twisted around the little fellow until boy and dog were in such a tangle that neither could be extricated. The dog was thus tied up closely to the boy, and in his attempts to break free, became irritated, and began to scratch and bite the little fellow.

The boy, unable to get away from the dog, cried lustily for help, and his mother, running to his assistance, held the dog until the father reached them.

All attempts to loose the chain seemed in vain, so badly was it tangled, and finally the father took a cold chisel, and thus broke the links, and separated the boy and the dog. Had it not been for the fortunate nearness of the parents, these is no doubt but that the boy would have been killed.—*Daily Gazette.*

"Does that hurt?" kindly asked the dentist, holding the young man's head back, and jabbing a still probe with back set teeth clear down through his aching tooth and into the gum. "Does that hurt?" he asked, with evident feeling. "Oh, no," replied the young man, in a voice suffused with emotion and sentiment, "oh, no," he said tenderly, rising from the chair and holding the dentist's head in the stove while he dragged his lungs out of his ears with a cork-screw. "Oh, no," he said, "not at all; does that?" But the dentist had the better of the young man after all, for he charged him fifty cents and didn't pull the tooth then. But by that time the astonished tooth had forgot its aching.—*Hawk-Eye.*

The Late Occurrences in Zululand.

The Zulu war, which has been without special interest to the general public for some time past, has during the last week engrossed more of its attention. King Cetywayo has again asked an armistice and terms of peace. This time the English have seemed disposed to consider his request more favorably than heretofore. Perhaps the bravery and skill shown by the Zulus in the battle of Isandula and in other engagements have had something to do with this change. In fact, the English soldiery have been taught to respect a great deal more than at first they did the prowess and military capacity of these barbarous people, as they have been accustomed to call them. The boasting spirit in which they set out to conquer them has been very much subdued, and a milder tone and a course of proceeding, that has at least a tincture of caution in it, has been assumed toward them.

Heretofore, their advances have been very insolently met, and their overtures very summarily disposed of. Six previous proposals of peace, if we may credit the dispatches, have been made by them. Once their messengers were fired on as they were advancing under a flag of truce. Another time their messengers were thrust into irons. Again, unconditional surrender was demanded, everything to be left to the judgment and mercy of the English. To their last overture Lord Chelmsford replied in substance, that if the cannon captured at Isandula were surrendered, and certain hostages which were mentioned were given as evidences of their good faith, an armistice would be granted until the terms of peace, which had been telegraphed for to England, should be received. Now, however, it looks as though treachery were to be substituted for arrogance, for instead of observing the armistice the English troops have been advancing upon Ulandi, where it is likely Cetywayo will make a final stand.

The British forces, we are told, are disgusted and disheartened by the war. A great deal of harsh criticism and invective has been vented by many of the English at home, upon what they term the cowardice of the soldiers and the inefficiency of their generals in the conduct of the war. It is quite evident that this criticism has its share of justice, and that it has had its effect in nerving them up to their present course.

King Cetywayo has proved himself a very shrewd and dangerous enemy, if not a great general, and the English have learned to dread his strange tactics. On several occasions a feeling of dread not far removed from panic fear seems to have seized all at his approach, and the British forces now become very nervous at the thought of encountering him. It is quite well ascertained now that it was this feeling of fear which surrendered the young Prince Napoleon to his fate. He was only a guest at the headquarters of Lord Chelmsford, and had obtained permission to go on a reconnoitering expedition with a party led by Lieutenant Carey. The party were ambushed by the Zulus, when at the first alarm the whole party skurried away, leaving the Prince, who was less fortunate in mounting, to his fate.

From all the facts at hand, it seems very doubtful whether the English, either in the beginning or in the conduct of the war, can be freed from great blame. The rightfulness of her favorite colonization policy has always been much questioned, and her conduct in carrying out that policy has often been demonstrably wrong. That she has accomplished much for herself by it cannot be doubted, for it is the chief source of her present wealth. Whether it has always been for the highest good of the native tribes is much less certain. As Sir Garnet Wolseley has very significantly expressed it: "Nothing can, in my opinion, be more injurious to our interests in dealing with barbarous races, than the creation in their minds of any doubt as to our strength." Generally they have not been left long in such doubt, nor in ignorance of the fact that the English were very ready to use that strength, and expected to be well repaid for such use. In the present instance, the purpose of the English seems to have been, by skillfully playing the interests of one nation against another, to disintegrate or wholly destroy the Zulu nationality. It was upon this plea, and in dread of this result, that King Cetywayo took the field.

Two things, at least, have thus far been accomplished by the war. The Bonapartist party in France have, by the death of the Prince, lost their head, and have been very much disorganized in consequence; and, according to the London *Times*, 10,000 human beings have been already sacrificed, and at least ten millions of English money. What the final result will be we wait with much interest for time to reveal.—*New York Examiner and Chronicle.*

Cromwell and his Sons.

Writing of Cromwell's portraits, several of which are in the Royal Academy, the London *Week* says:

They present a face, too, with many traces of suffering in it, brought about by private as well as public cares, for he had lost children who were dear to him, especially the son of whom he said his death "went as a dagger to my heart, indeed it did."

Of that other son, Richard, for whom he cared far less, and who did what he could to bring the name of Cromwell into contempt, there is also a portrait. A weak and namby-pamby looking person, bearing out the short judgment which Carlyle pronounces on him,—"poor idle triviality."

In less than eight months his short lease of power was over, but he lived, "a little and very neat old man," till 1712, fifty-four years after his father's death. One day a curious incident occurred.

It was in Queen Anne's reign, and Richard Cromwell, who had gone to Westminster to give evidence in a law-suit, strolled into the House of Lords. A stranger, thinking he was from the country, asked him if he had ever seen such a scene as that before.

"Never," said the old man, "since I sat in the chair," pointing to the throne. No wonder the stranger took him for a madman.

Cauliflowers are not quite so easily raised as cabbages; still, if a man goes to work in the right way, he will seldom fail to obtain a fair crop. The soil should be rich, and perhaps a little richer than for ordinary cabbages. It should also be worked deep—that is, not less than ten inches to a foot or more, as the cauliflower requires a cool, moist, but not a wet soil. The plants should be treated the same as cabbages.

The Child Goethe.

In the first glimpse we have of the child Goethe he was engaged in a piece of mischief. He was alone, of course, or the affair could not have happened; and he was then about three years old. This is the way he told the story some years after:

"A crockery fair had just been held, from which not only our kitchen had been supplied with wares for a long time to come, but a great deal of small gear had been purchased as playthings for us children. One beautiful afternoon, when everything was quiet about the house, I whiled away the time with my pots and dishes in the frame-room; and, finding that nothing more was to be got out of them, hurled one of them into the street, vastly tickled to hear the clatter it made in breaking. There were three brothers living on the opposite side of the street, who were always much diverted at my pranks. These men, the Von Ochsensteins, seeing me on this occasion relish the sport until I clapped my hands in delight, cried out to me: 'Another.' I did not withhold a kettle, and, as they made no end to their calls for more, in a little while, the whole collection—platters, pipkins, mugs, and all—were dashed to pieces on the pavement. My neighbors continued to express their approbation, and I was highly delighted to give them pleasure. But my stock was exhausted, and still they shouted 'More!' I ran, therefore, straight to the kitchen, and brought the earthen ware, which produced a still livelier spectacle in breaking; and thus I kept running back and forth fetching one vessel after another, as I could reach it from where they stood in rows on the dresser; and devoted all the wares I could drag out to similar destruction. It was too late when some one appeared, to hinder and save. The mischief was done, and in place of a large amount of crockery there was only a ludicrous history of its loss, in which my roguish accomplices took delight to the end of their days."

Our next view of the boy is from a little account his mother has written of her method of teaching and amusing her children by inventing stories for them. She writes:

"Air, fire, earth, water, I represented under the forms of princesses, and to all natural phenomena I gave a meaning. As we thought of the paths that led from star to star, and that we should perhaps, one day inhabit the stars, and thought of the great spirits we should meet there, I was as eager for the hours of story-telling as the children themselves; I was quite curious about the future course of my own improvisation, and any invitation which interrupted these evenings was disagreeable. There I sat, and there Wolfgang held me with his large black eyes; and when the fate of one of his favorites was not according to his fancy, I saw the angry veins swell on his temples, I saw him repress his tears. He often burst in with, 'But, mother, the princess won't marry the horrid tailor, even if he does kill the giant.' And when I made a pause for the night, promising to continue it on the morrow, I was certain that he would, in the interval, think it out for himself. When I turned the story according to his plan, and told him he had found out the ending, then he was all fire and flame, and one could see his little heart beating underneath his dress! His grandmother, who made a great pet of him, was the confidant of all his ideas as to how the story would turn out; and, as she repeated these to me, and I turned the story according to these hints, I had the pleasure of continuing my story to the delight and astonishment of my hearers, and Wolfgang saw with glowing eyes the fulfillment of his own conceptions, and listened with enthusiastic applause."

This was when he was three and four years old. He soon learned to read and write, and at six years of age, not only wrote quite well in German, but also in Latin. When he was eight years old, he wrote original compositions—and very good ones—in German, French, Italian, Latin and Greek! He was not taught Italian, but picked it up from hearing it taught to his sister. He was truly a wonderful child. And he did not love study because he was weak and sickly, and could not do anything else; for he was generally healthy, and a very bright, active boy at play, and as I said before, always ready for a frolic. He was born with an eager desire for knowledge, and the capacity to acquire it, as well as with the genius to invent stories and poems.—*St. Nicholas.*

THE RIGHT MOMENT.—Surely, the right moment for a lover to woo a maiden is just after she has filled the position of bridesmaid for a friend. Young ladies linger lovingly over the details of a wedding. It is a curious experience, life in a house full of girls who have just left a marriage party. Their minds are full of the great theme; they tenderly record each incident; they can think of nothing else; and they tell each other a thousand times how the bride looked, and how she dropped her bouquet, and who picked it up again, and how her traveling dress became her. Not otherwise than when, a covey being dispersed, men go round and shoot the straggling birds, so admirers might easily win the hearts of the fair who are still hovering wistfully round the memory of a wedding. Thus, nature has provided chances for bridesmaids; and thus the superstition that it is unlucky to be often a bridesmaid is justified. For if a lady can survive heartwhole, and pass unscathed through these moments of sympathy, it is certain that she never will be won.

USE OF GUNPOWDER.—It may not be generally known that gunpowder prevents infection from fever. A sojourner from tropical districts says that he has been able to escape infection and miasma by the use of gunpowder, supplemented by by a few simple precautions against sudden changes of temperature, sunstroke, bad water, and the like. He uses no water that has not been boiled and afterward kept from air contact; but his main reliance is upon the practice of burning a thimbleful of gunpowder in his bedroom and very small quantities in his wardrobe, trunk, etc., so as to keep his clothes in an atmosphere feebly charged with gunpowder gas. In Madagascar, Reunion, Mauritius, the east coast of tropic Africa, and other fever-smitten lands he has found such simple means a sure preventive of epidemic and epidemic diseases. That gunpowder, the engine of death, sometimes preserves life, "is greatly to its credit."

The proof-reader often puts a different aspect on the matter.—[Toledo Commercial.

The Hacked Chair.

During the dark days of the American Revolution, the citizens of South Carolina were much divided on the question of separation from the mother country. Those who aided or sympathized with the British army, then invading the States, were called Tories. Many of these formed into small bands and plundered and murdered defenseless citizens, as the guerillas did in Eastern Tennessee during the late Southern rebellion.

Among the families that were visited by these Tories was that of Robert Gaston, in Chester district. Robert had come from Ireland in his youth, and had there received the careful religious training common in the Presbyterian Church of Ireland in the last century. He was now too old for war, but his sons were away in the Colonial army.

This latter fact made him and his family the object of hatred to the Tories, who came and plundered his premises at their pleasure, and sought to capture him, to compel him to take an oath of allegiance to King George III. But Robert kept out of the Tories' way by secreting himself when they were known to be in the neighborhood. In the meantime he kept up family worship in his house as regularly as possible. One morning while engaged in this duty, one of his daughters saw a squad of Tories coming through the gate into the dooryard, and at once urged her father to flee and hide himself.

But he answered, "Na; I am in the Lord's service, and He will tak' care o' me."

Soon the door was thrown open, and the Tories rushed in upon the defenseless family, consisting of himself, his aged wife and three daughters. Of earthly help they had none; no carnal weapons and no human hand to wield them.

Seeing Robert sitting in his high-backed chair, the leader of the squad drew his sword and struck at him as though intending to cleave his gray head. But the stroke fell on the back of the chair, cutting a deep gash in it near to his ear. The Tory then began to curse and to taunt Robert as his prisoner, and boasted that he would now "take him and lay him in Camden jail."

Robert meekly answered, "I suppose you will yet ha' permission."

Robert answered firmly, "I suppose yon ha' permission from King George, but he is only an earthly prince; unless you ha' permission from the King of Heavens, I defy you all to tak' me."

Whether the cool courage of the gray-haired old man commanded the Tories' respect, or the sight of him with the family Bible on his knee, and manifesting a calm, unshaken faith in the protecting care of God, overcame them will never now be known; but the Tories sat down, and after talking quietly, as if they had been neighbors, they went away without disturbing anything, and left the family to conclude their devotions in peace.

It is now about one hundred years since this event occurred. Robert Gaston's work was finished, and he went to his rest many years ago, but his worthy example still lives.

A New Device for Crossing the Isthmus.

The agitation of the project for a canal across the Isthmus of Darien has called out from Captain Eads—of Mississippi jetties renown—a proposition to take vessels across from the Atlantic to the Pacific without any canal. His plan, which is set forth in full in a communication to the New York *Tribune* contemplates the construction of an air-line railroad with ten tracks between two harbors, one on one side and the other on the other side of the Isthmus. The vessels are to be raised on cradles by hydraulic machinery to the level of the road, transported across without breaking cargo, and lowered by similar machinery and sent on their way rejoicing. The cost, Captain Eads avers, would not exceed $50,000,000, while the lowest sum for which a canal can be built is $140,000,000. In the matter of time the railroad project is claimed to have quite as marked an advantage over the canal, inasmuch as it can be completed in five years, while the canal would take a quarter of a century. The railroad would also pay interest on the investment, while the canal would not. So, at least, says Captain Eads, and if there is no error in his estimates, he is right.

It would be an interesting novelty in engineering should the railroad project be carried out; and it would raise a great many novel questions for the admiralty lawyers. It might become necessary to establish an entirely new code of rules for the government of the officers and crews of vessels: for many of the regulations that apply to craft on the high seas would be sadly out of place when applied to the same craft on the high road. The liabilities of owners, too, and the rights of shippers would need remodeling.

The project is an attractive one, and the claims made in its behalf entitle it to a friendly examination. It is to be hoped the men who sway and mould public opinion in this country will give it such an examination, not only on account of its attractiveness, but because, if carried out, it will be a credit to America and American engineering. It is especially to be hoped that Senator Ferry, of this State, will look the matter up very carefully. Unless report does him injustice he has very much at heart the construction of a ship canal across the State. If he still entertains the project and there is as much to be gained as Captain Eads thinks in substituting a ship railroad for a ship canal, the former is the plan for Senator Ferry. It would help him very much with posterity to have his name connected with so grand a scheme.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The late Richard H. Dana until shortly before his death was erect of form and firm of step, and possessed unimpaired sight and hearing. His hair, full beard, and mustache, all worn rather long, were silvery gray. His face was pale, his features regular, his eyes singularly expressive. He was a modest and reserved person, but when among his intimates a delightful talker. His health during the past summer and autumn was unusually good. Mr. Dana has always been independent, but never rich; his literary ventures, with the exception of his lectures on Shakespeare, put little money in his purse.

Lord Lennox remembers that the poet Byron used to pronounce his own name Birron.

The American "Pretty Girl."

The following portrait of one of our countrywomen in Europe which occurs in Mr. Henry James's new *Scribner* novelette, "Confidence," will be recognized by many on both sides of the water, as drawn from the life:

She was simply the American pretty girl, whom he had seen a thousand times. It was a numerous sisterhood, pervaded by a strong family likeness. This young lady had charming eyes (of the color of Gordon's cravats) which looked everywhere at once and yet found time to linger in some places, where Longueville's own eyes frequently met them. She had soft brown hair, with a silk-golden thread in it, beautifully arranged and crowned by a smart little hat that savored of Paris. She had also a slender little figure, neatly rounded, and delicate, narrow hands, prettily gloved. She moved about a great deal in her place, twisted her little flexible body and tossed her head, fingered her hair and examined the ornaments of her dress. She had a great deal of conversation, and she expressed herself with extreme frankness and decision. He asked her, to begin with, if she had been long in Baden, but the impetus of the question was all she required. Turning her charming, conscious, coquettish little face upon him, she instantly began to chatter.

"I have been here about four weeks. I don't know whether you call that long. It doesn't seem long to me, I have had such a lovely time. I have met ever so many people here I know—every day some one turns up. Now you have turned up to-day."

"Ah, but you don't know me," said Longueville, laughing.

"Well, I have heard a great deal about you!" cried the young girl, with a pretty little stare of contradiction. "I think you know a great friend of mine, Miss Ella Maclane, of Baltimore. She's traveling in Europe, now." Longueville's memory did not instantly respond to this signal, but he expressed that rapturous assent which the occasion demanded, and even risked the observation that the young lady from Baltimore was very pretty. "She's far too lovely," his companion went on. "I have often heard her speak of you. I think you know her sister rather better than you know her. She has not been out very long. She is just as interesting as she can be. Her hair comes down to her feet. She's traveling in Norway. She's been everywhere you can think of, and she's going to finish off with Finland. You can't go any further than that, can you? That's one comfort; she'll have to turn round and come back. I want her dreadfully to come to Baden-Baden.."

"I wish she would," said Longueville. "Is she traveling alone?"

"Oh, no. They've got some Englishman. They say he's devoted to Ella. Every one seems to have an Englishman, now. We've got one here; Captain Lovelock, Captain Augustus Lovelock. Well, they're awfully handsome. Ella Maclane is dying to come to Baden-Baden. I wish you'd write to her. Her father and mother have got some idea in their heads; they think its improper—what do you call it?—immoral. I wish you'd write to her and tell her it isn't. I wonder if they think that Mrs. Vivian would come to a place that's immoral. Mrs. Vivian says she would take her in a moment; she doesn't seem to care how many she has. I declare, she's only too kind. You know I'm in Mrs. Vivian's care. My mother's gone to Franzensbad. She would let me go with Mrs. Vivian anywhere, on account of the influence—she thinks so much of Mrs. Vivian's influence. I have always heard a great deal about it, haven't you? I must say it's lovely; it's had a wonderful effect upon me. I don't want to praise myself, but it has. You ask Mrs. Vivian if I haven't been good. I have been just as good as I can be. I've been so peaceful, I've just sat here this way. Do you call this immoral? You're not obliged to gamble if you don't want to. Ella Maclane's father seems to think you get drawn in. I'm sure I haven't been drawn in. I know what you're going to say—you're going to say I've been drawn out. Well, I have to-night. We just sit here so quietly—there's nothing to do but to talk. We make a little party by ourselves—are you going to belong to our party? Two of us are missing—Miss Vivian and Captain Lovelock. Captain Lovelock has gone with her into the rooms to explain the gambling—Miss Vivian always wants everything explained. I am sure I understood it the first time I looked at the tables. Have you ever seen Miss Vivian? She's very much admired, she's so very unusual. Black hair's so uncommon—I see you've got it too—but I mean for young ladies. I am sure one sees everything here. There's a woman that comes to the tables—a Portuguese countess—who has hair that is positively blue. I can't say that I admire it when it comes to that shade. Blue's my favorite color, but I prefer it in the eyes," continued Longueville's companion, resting upon him her own two specimens of the tint.

He listened with that expression of clear amusement which is not always an indication of high esteem, but which even pretty chatterers, who are not the reverse of estimable, often prefer to masculine inattention; and while he listened, Bernard, according to his wont, made his reflections. He said to himself that there were two kinds of pretty girls—the acutely conscious and the finely unconscious. Mrs. Vivian's *protegee* was a member of the former category; she belonged to the genus coquette. We all have our conception of the indispensable, and the indispensable, to this young lady, was a spectator; almost any male biped would serve the purpose. To her spectator she addressed for the moment, the whole volume of her being—addressed it in her glances, her attitudes, her exclamations, in a hundred little experiments of tone and gesture and position. And these rustling artifices were so innocent and obvious that the directness of her desire to be well with her observer became in itself a grace; it led Bernard afterward to say to himself that the natural vocation and *metier* of little girls for whom existence was but a shimmering surface, was to prattle and ruffle their plumage; their view of life and its duties was as simple and superficial as that of an Orientai *bayadere.*

O, the anguish of that thought that we can never atone to our dead for the stinted affection we gave them, for the light answers we returned to their plaints or their pleadings, for the little reverence we showed to that sacred human soul that lived so close to us, and was the divinest thing God had given us to know.

PERSONAL.

President Hayes is growing stout.

The Prince of Wales takes pride in a fine cellar of wine.

Talmage says he is having a jubilee over there instead of a vacation.

General Sherman, accompanied by his daughter and his *aide-de camp*, is in Montreal.

The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher is gone on a fishing excursion in the sloop yacht *Clara*.

Weston thinks he was a success on account of his habits of total abstinence from liquor.

Col. Rufus Scott is the Bean King of Cuba. He has made $650,000 in beans since the war.

Ben Hill, who paid $32,000 for his mansion in Athems, Ga., is willing to sell it for $8,000.

Mr. Spurgeon's health continues to improve. He has announced his determination to undertake a new work, supposed to be an orphanage for girls.

Dr. Alexander Clark, of Pittsburg, died recently at the Executive Mansion in Atlanta, Ga. For many years he has been distinguished as a lecturer and religious journalist.

Rev. Dr. John Cumming, the celebrated writer on the millennium, has been ordered by his physician to renounce all mental work. He is about to retire from the ministry.

Queen Victoria has reigned forty-two years, a period which has been exceeded by four English sovereigns only, viz., Henry III., who reigned 56 years; Edward III., 50 years; Queen Elizabeth, 45 years; and George III., whose reign extended over the long period of 60 years.

Hon. H. W. Blair, just elected U. S. Senator from New Hampshire, is the gentleman who distinguished himself in the lower house of Congress by his friendliness to temperance measures. He introduced a bill there proposing the abolition of the liquor traffic in the year 1900.

Mr. Cyrus H. McCormick, of Chicago, has been made a member of the French Academy of Sciences, and in a complimentary note from the "perpetual secretaries," has been informed of the distinction. If it is an honor to Mr. McCormick, it is also an honor to the country he represents. The change that has been wrought in agricultural work by his inventions is greater than can be described, and the whole civilized world is indebted to him for his skill and enterprise.

Prof. John M. Langston, whose death is announced, was a colored man of talent and usefulness, who rose to the distinction of representing his country as Minister to Hayti. He was born a slave, graduated at Oberlin, practiced law, served as professor and acting president of the Howard University, Washington, and was a very able and popular public speaker. He exhibited the capacity of his race for advancement and culture, and proved himself a useful man as a helper in the great work of African education.

The late Bishop Ames is characterized by the *Christian Advocate* as "the great Methodist statesman of the last half century." It was as a statesman that he rendered his most valuable service to the church, and displayed the greatest ability. He had large resources, and seemed always ready for any emergency. His personal appearance was imposing, and the power of his character gave to it an air of majesty. "He had not a feature, from his massive brow or searching eye to his dominating nose, stiff upper-lip, resolute mouth, or massive chin, that did not bespeak and become a natural king of men. His hat, worn squarely on his head, as if put on to stay; his caped overcoat, giving his form all the advantage of his size and grace, and his hands, easily clasped in front, made up a picture not soon to be forgotten by this generation of Methodists.

The Women of To-Day.

Canoeing is the latest pastime for English ladies.

They are talking of starting a female college in Paris, after the plan of Vassar and Wellesley.

Society belles have exact portraits of their favorite dogs sketched and painted on their fans.

Nine young ladies have presented themselves for examination for admission to Harvard University.

Two of the best journalistic positions in New York City are filled by women, the editorship of a weekly and monthly publication; each is said to receive $5,000 a year.

On the last promenade day in New York's fashionable park, when the *elite* of the city were taking an airing, there were 213 dogs sitting in the different carriages, and but 83 little children.

Women are, in all enlightened countries, the keepers of the gates of society, and carry the keys on their proper person. Hence society, in its strictly social sense, always has been and always must be conventional. Society admits only those whom women approve.

Mrs. C. A. Plimpton, of Cincinnati, has discovered how to make figures in relief on pottery, and exhibits several specimens of her work at the art salesrooms. She has been trying to find out the secret of producing these figures for some time and after several failures has succeeded in making figures in four colors.

Whatever may be said of Queen Victoria, no one can accuse her of being a fair weather friend. Once a friend she is a friend through thick and thin. She has been even more a friend to the bereaved Engenie in her adversity than in prosperity. Her recent pathetic visit to the afflicted mother shows what a true-hearted woman the Queen is.

Miss E. D. Bininger, a New York Bible class teacher, finding that the young men in her class had no pleasant place to spend their evenings, has opened a club for them, with billiard tables and other games and a pleasant reading room, with the daily papers. Smoking is allowed, but no drinking. Tea and coffee are furnished to members in the evening.

The rage for athletic exercises has produced one good effect, at least, in awakening a desire among ladies for outdoor sports. They now excel in tennis, croquet and archery. Rowing and horseback riding are among their exercises, and clubs for each have been organized in nearly all large cities. In Boston and Baltimore have been started two base ball clubs—one called the "Lady Nine of Boston," the other the "Lady Nine of Baltimore."

The Honeymoon Tour.

The inevitable discomforts of travel, and the unrest that attends a continual change of abode make the modern honeymoon tour a very undesirable beginning of married life. A visit to the spa or a fashionable seaside resort is scarcely better. None of these devices give that outward peace and repose which the spiritual life of the newly-married lovers so peculiarly demands. But the more immediate objection is the unusual addition of trials of temper which these modes of spending the honeymoon involve. Thus the unlucky bride loses all her luggage, including the most valuable of her wedding presents; or she catches a crying cold in her head, or the measels; or she has her most becoming bonnet irrevocably ruined by a shower; or the happy pair ramble too far afield and find themselves footsore and out of temper; or else they are intercepted by the tide, and rescued at some risk, to the intense delight of the watering-place visitors. If the honeymoon can be safely tided over without a quarrel, the happy pair may cherish good hopes of passing safely all subsequent moons. They must be supernaturally amiable. Another incident of honeymoon tours is, that hotelkeepers and hackmen think the youthful pair suitable victims to their greed. It is taken for granted that they are so absorbed in gazing into each other's eyes that they will never look into such commonplace matters as bills; consequently we have known a couple straying through the fairy land of a honeymoon utterly forgetful of so sublunary a commodity of money, until rudely awaked by a very substantial series of bills. All the sweets of the honeymoon considered, it is probably a relief to the parties concerned when it is over. The man secretly longs for his regular work, and chafes under perpetual *petits soins*. The wife, too, yearns for her new sphere of duties as a matron, and can not help thinking how her wedding presents will look in the new house. Her little court has yet to be held visitors received and the usual round of entertainments gone through. It is scarcely in feminine nature to abide quietly among lakes and mountains with these attractions in front, which permit, too, of wearing the more gorgeous articles of the *trousseau*. But the honeymoon, clear or clouded, passes like all things, and gradually falls into its appointed place among the fragments of life. It is no longer, indeed, the trance of love and happiness which it seemed when touched with the rosy hues of anticipation, but it has been a period of predominating delight, such as may well cover the future of wedlock, an adumbration of what every really happy marriage should resemble throughout its continuance. Of course it is out of the question that its bliss should pervade all the future years of the young couple, but it becomes, at all events, a test by which the happiness of their succeeding years may be guaged. Though we ridicule it in after days, we may well regard a happy honeymoon as an integral portion of all nuptial joy.—*Home Journal*.

The Life of the Russian Peasant.

We quote from the St. Petersburg letter of a London paper the subjoined pleasant sketch of summer life among the people of Russia, showing how Alexander's dear children while away the time saved up from business. The writer says: The Russians are passionately fond of music—not sapiently, as connoisseurs able to distinguish between the Italian and German schools of composition, but electically; insomuch that they will weep as ecstatically over the last jingling waltz of M. Planquette as over the "Stabat Mater" of Rossini. You must always mistrust the genuineness of a Russian's emotion unless he sheds tears. On the evening of a bright spring Sunday, if you stroll through the Summer Park of St. Petersburg, while the finches are twittering in the fir trees and a band of one of the guards regiments is discoursing music, you will behold a number of Russians stretched out on their backs on the grass, with hands folded behind heir heads and their cheeks bathed in bitter tears. If you imagine they have been bullied by their wives or bothered by the tax collector, console yourself; for they are simply peaceable citizens enjoying themselves in their own way. They have come out for a day's holiday; they have drunk a little vodki, eaten a little raw ham and some apple cakes; perhaps they flirted, and now they are luxuriating with their faces toward the sky and their ears open to the music of that brass band which speaks to them, maybe, of a happy land beyond this, where there is no snow and no police, no taxes and no wars—perhaps not even a czar—but fair women and cheap drinks, and plenty of repose on grass smelling sweetly of dew and buttercups.

THE PRINCE OF WALES.—He is fond of late hours, but no matter how late he may go to bed he rises early the next morning. He is a keen sportsman and a fair shot. At whist he plays an excellent hand. And whether the occupation be whist, sport or dancing, he enters into it with a hearty relish, which contrasts strangely with the *blase* airs of the golden youths of the day. His constitution is an excellent one. He rarely has a day's illness, and he is a living proof that no amount of tobacco can enfeeble either the mind or body. I believe that he was the inventor of the now popular drink, "lemon and soda."—*London Cor. N. Y. Times*.

FUN AT PICNICS.—There is lots of fun to be had at little private picnics, when the party goes up a stream in a large boat to a pleasant woodland. All you have to do is to lug three baskets of provisions and a box of croquet to the boat, and then help row it and get four blisters on each hand, and then climb a tree covered with briars to adjust a swing and work yourself almost to death swinging the girl who never seems to get enough of it, and then reverse the order of things until you get home. There is loads of fun in it. Fun? Why, it is just reeking with it.—*New York Sunday Star*.

DANGERS OF THE PIPE.—A caution to pipe-smokers is contained in the experience of a French porter, who recently cut the forefinger of his right hand with a knife with which he had been clearing out his pipe. The next day the finger swelled and the arm became inflamed, while tumors appeared under the arm-pits. The medical man called in recognized poisoning by nicotine, and seeing that amputation was necessary, sent the patient at once to a hospital, where at last accounts he was lying in a very precarious condition.

Napoleon's Opinion of Mothers.

A young English sailor, who had escaped from a prison in the interior of France, had succeeded in reaching the coast near Boulogne. Here he made a little skiff, miserably frail, of the branches and bark of trees. This bark he intended to cross the channel in. "Did you intend," Napoleon I. said, "to brave the terrors of the sea in so frail a skiff?"

"Yes," said the young man, "with your permission I will embark immediately."

"Have you a sweetheart at home," asked Napoleon, "that you are so desirous to go to your country again?"

"No," replied the lad, "but I wish to see my mother, who is aged, poor and infirm."

Napoleon's heart was touched. "You shall see her," he answered, "and give her this purse of gold from me. She can be no common woman to have brought up so good a son." Napoleon had but little tenderness of feeling, and was insensible to the delicate emotions that agitate the human heart. He had been accustomed to deal so ruthlessly with men, and to look upon them only as instruments of his ambition, and he had seen so much of the baseness of humanity that he had lost all regard for the better elements of character. Of women generally, he had a mean opinion; though in Madame De Stael he was obliged to acknowledge their intellectual and political power when refined by culture. He had a morbid antipathy to all blue-stockings, but he had a high esteem for women who fulfilled their social duties. Madame De Stael once said to him: "It is reported that you are not very partial to the ladies."

"I am very fond of my wife, madame," was his laconic reply.

A lady of rank once said to him, "What is life worth if one cannot be General Bonapart?" Napoleon answered her wisely: "Madame, one may be a dutiful wife, and the good mother of a family."

Of the social influence of a captivating woman he expressed himself when he said: "I conquer provinces, but Josephine wins hearts."

Of the moral power of woman in moulding the rising generations Napoleon gave his opinion in the following memorable declaration to the French Senator: "France needs nothing so much to promote her regeneration as good mothers." He had a profound respect for virtuous and exemplary mothers. His own mother, Letitia Ramolini, married in her 17th year to Charles Bonaparte, an advocate in Ajaccio, was a woman of rare virtues and qualities, though her education was imperfect. From her sprang a race of kings and queens who changed the face of Europe, upturned the oldest dynasties, and inaugurated the modern era. Estranged as her children sometimes were from each other, they all united in acknowledging their indebtedness to their mother. Her mental characteristics, her personal qualities, her elevated views of life, and her moral courage and energy in a greater or less degree shaped the destiny of her descendants. The intellect, physiologists say, is inheritable on the mother's side. Certain it is, that her character has an immense and abiding influence on her offspring. A good mother is an angel of beneficence and of incalculable blessedness to a family. She makes her household a scene of continual happiness. As one by one she sends her children into the world, she does it with the assurance that they are fully provided with all that is necessary to fight the battle of life, and she lays down to her last sleep with the consciousness that she has done her duty, and her name will live in the grateful memories of sons and daughters, themselves to become honored wives and husbands, and to transmit in turn to their offspring the virtues she imparted to their parents. Napoleon, as a man, a statesman, and a ruler, could not fail to recognize the sublime excellences and the never ending influence of good mothers' and the homage that is due to them in every sphere of life.—*Philadelphia Press*.

THE DOG.—Hardly any animal has become so thoroughly civilized as the dog. The domestic cat, with all its love of locality, has a taste for vagabondizing, and there is a hankering for jungles still in its blood. The horse is fond of his stable, but if he is otherwise affectionate he is not demonstrative. To the dog, a return of his attachment seems to be a prime necessity. If the family leaves its home, the cat stays behind and makes friends with the newcomers, while the dog follows to the fresh domicile and settles himself quietly in his new quarters. He is grateful for kindness, never forgets benefits, and forgives injuries if they are inflicted by the hands of which he is fond. It is needless to say that his affection is returned. He is useful and he knows it, because his usefulness is so promptly and lovingly commanded. He shares a sense of property, partakes of the sport, is glad when gladness rules the home, and melancholy when there is sadness there. No wonder that he is made much of! No wonder that men's regard for him is perpetuated in all ages and all climes; that his merits are commemorated in poems, and his exploits recorded in history; that "anecdotes of dogs" are quite as common as anecdotes of men, and frequently much more to the credit of the quadrupeds.—*Tribune*.

WHEN A WOMAN WILL SHE WILL.—The Rome, N. Y. *Sentinel* has a curious story about a married couple in Springfield. It says: "When a Massachusetts woman forms a habit, it is all a waste of time for her husband to try to break her of it. Well knowing his wife's disposition to make him a present on his birthday, a citizen of the Bay State, who likewise forcibly realized the fact that economy was an absolute necessity in the household, said to his wife, "This year you must not undertake to make me a present, I insist. It would be absurd at this time, when we need everything we can rake and scrape. I give you fair notice that if you do carry out your former custom this year I will burn up the present as surely as you make it.' So the wife bethought herself. She could not bear the idea of being deprived of her annual pleasure. Therefore she gathered together the dimes and bought for her dearly beloved husband, as a birthday present, a ton of coal."

In counting over a pile of greenbacks the teller of a Wisconsin bank was struck by some bold handwriting across one of the bills, and upon examination it proved to bear the following pathetic legend, dated and signed at Wausau, Wis.: "The last of six hundred dollars. Busted!"

Mind in a Broken Body.

Quaint and beautiful is old Fuller's description of Monica, the mother of Augustine, as she was drawing near her death and to heaven—"Her soul saw a glimpse of happiness through the chinks of her sickness-broken body."

The words recall the "sickness-broken body" of one of the most eloquent of English-speaking preachers, Robert Hall.

He caught few glimpses of heaven through "the chinks" of his body, broken by intense suffering, but he did through it, and in spite of it, much good work for God and men. Those who knew that many of his great sermons were composed while lying on the floor, where only he found brief intervals of rest from pain, marvelled at the power of his mind over the nerve-matter of his body.

One Sunday morning Mr. Hall was found by a friend, who relates the incident in the *Interior*, lying on the floor of the room in the rear of the pulpit. He was enveloped in a cloud of smoke from the large pipe by whose use he strove to deaden his pain.

A student conducted the opening services. As the congregation was singing the second hymn, the preacher was lifted from the floor; the sexton put on his coat for him, and opened the door.

The audience saw the great preacher slowly enter. Grasping the railing, hand over hand, he laboriously ascended the pulpit stairs. With dull eyes and flabby cheeks, supporting himself by resting one hand on the pulpit, while the other was pressed against his side, he gave out his text—"The Father of Lights."

The utterance was slow and mechanical. A slight movement of his right hand was the only gesture, but the mind was struggling to master the body. As the thought rose in spirituality, the preacher's countenance and attitude changed. His eyes blazed, his face became mobile, and his voice rang out like a trumpet's blast.

The people leaned forward, scarcely breathing. Some, unconscious of what they were doing, rose on their feet. Others crept stealthily down the aisles, as if drawn by a fascination they were powerless to resist, until they were directly in front of the pulpit.

The sermon finished, the preacher's body again resumed its sway. With lusterless eyes and flabby cheeks he slowly descended the pulpit stair, and sought the floor and his pipe.

Milton writes of "the unconquerable will," Wordsworth of "man's unconquerable mind," and Byron of

"The power of Thought—the magic of the Mind."

Robert Hall showed unconquerable will, the thought's power, and the mind's magic in action, and thus by a vivid experiment demonstrated the distinctiveness of mind from, and its power over, matter.

Life in Paris.

As a rule the Parisians take life as modestly and sensibly as any people in the world. Few know so well as they, how to extract the most real onjoyment from the fund of available resources. But there are, of course, worshippers of style among them, and this class rivals in the absurdity of their devotions, all other devotees of the kind I have ever met. They are to be found naturally in the best quarters of Paris. All their resources are concentrated on the great work of keeping up appearances. They eat miserable meals, but have splendidly furnished residences, and their male servants are often hired by the bour, and attend only in the afternoon on the days madame receives the visits of her friends. I know of nothing more sad, if it were not so stupid, as such struggles of poverty against appearance. The carriage trick has been invented for families of this class of fashionables. There is a brougham and fine horse which never gives a single person an airing. The honorary coachman or footman appears at the drawing-room door when madame is receiving visitors, and says, "Will monsieur or madame want the carriage to-day? The bay horse has been coughing since we came round to the door." The gentleman of the house indolently replies, "Oh, take him around to the stables if he is coughing," and he turns to his wife, and adds smilingly, "You know, my dear, what a favorite that poor horse is of mine!" and madame says: "Poor horse! unless another can be got ready by five o'clock I don't care to take my dinner this afternoon." The neat equipage has been seen at the door by those going up and some of those going down, and the farce is played out at that house, and the performers go on to another at some distance.—*N. Y. Home Journal*.

HE GAVE IT UP.—One of the poets of the First Empire, Nepomucence Lemercier, wrote a tragedy whose hero was Christopher Columbus. He had in it violated the unities, which Frenchmen for years considered an inviolable law of tragedy. When Lemercier's piece was played the students hissed it with great vehemence. Napoleon admired him, and when he heard the tragedy had been hissed he ordered it to be played again. It was again hissed. He became furious. He ordered it played a third time, and went to the theater, accompanied by a regiment of soldiers. The first and second acts were heard in silence. It was at the third act that the hisses were most vigorous. When the curtain rose on the third act, Napoleon leaned over his box and looked at the students, to see if they would dare oppose his known will in his presence. What should he see but the whole audience, from the pit to the last tier, wearing nightcaps, and pretending to be fast asleep. The sight was so odd, Napoleon could not help laughing, and he gave up attempting to support the tragedy.

GRAPE JELLY.—Take perfectly fresh grapes, then remove the stems and put the berries over the fire in an earthenware pan or porcelain lined kettle; crush a few berries on the bottom of the kettle to prevent burning; let them boil up and remove from the fire and hang up in the jelly bag to drain; when the juice is all drained off weigh it and return to the kettle and fire; boil it twenty minutes, skimming when necessary; then add three-quarters of a pound of sugar to every pound of juice, and boil it until it is thick enough to suit. If one fancies pale-colored jellies, a very good one may be made from Concord grapes, by removing the skins before cooking the grapes and then proceeding as above.

Cruelty to animals—pounding dogs.

An Afflicted Person.

The late Prince of Orange, who died in Paris, resembled his great ancestor, William the Silent and founder of the Dutch Republic, only in his weaknesses—a taste for luxurious living and a faculty for getting into debt. According to Motley, the early life of the great William was by no means stern and severe. He trod primrose paths and maintained a splendid household; in one day twenty-eight master cooks were dismissed in order to diminish the family expenses. Hardly a princely house in Germany but sent their cooks to learn their business in so magnificent a kitchen. From early morning till noon the breakfast-tables were spread with wine and luscious viands to all comers and at every moment. The dinner and supper were daily banquets for a multitude of guests. At the age of 26 his debts amounted to 800,000 or 900,000 florins, which at the value of the English florin would be nearly $500,000; or probably $1,000,000 in the value of the present day.

The Prince of Orange, just deceased, had, according to the testimony of one Scholl, who seems to have been an intimate friend, but one idea, and that was not to reign over Holland, of whose throen he was the heir. Many times he said he would exchange his right and title for the privilege of being a respected Jew, with a fortune of four or five millions. He detested the ceremonies and stiff formalities of the court at The Hague. His mother was the only woman for whom he ever had an abiding affection. In 1863 he borrowed forty thousand dollars, partly in cash, partly in an estate in Belgium. The lender afterward agreed to take back the estate at an enormous discount, but the Prince refused, as he did also the payment of his notes when they became due. A suit was begun, and the Prince, being on bad terms with his father, took considerable trouble to induce the Parisian papers to suppress the report. His rooms in the palace at The Hague were plainly but peculiarly furnished. In his dining-room were only a plain square table, a few chairs, and two portraits on the wall—one of a famous baroness in Paris, the other of the notorious Cora Pearl. At the dinner given to his friend he talked only of Paris, and said it was the place to live. The garden behind his palace was overgrown and uncared for. His visitor perceived a chapel at one end of it. The Prince had never before noticed it. It was used chiefly to confine two foxes that belonged to the Prince. Under the high alter stood a watering pot.

He got out of all patience with his detention in Holland, and came back to his beloved Paris at the earliest opportunity. One had only to speak of Holand cheese or a glass of curacoa to put him in a rage. He was always bored. His complaints and troubles were of the most infantile description. It always rained when he wanted it to shine, and the sun shone when he wanted it to rain. He lost money at the races and made a great to-do about it. One of his greatest crosses was his inability to get a certain soup, with cabbage, because the cooks all said it was too vulgar. He poured out his griefs to his friends, who, by great good luck, had a cook with a soul net above cabbages. He found a good deal of fault with it, however, because it was too greasy. The rest of his time was spent at cards, betting, lounging, promenading and other attempts to kill time. A woman's caprice forced him to go to the opera one night where he took cold and died. He probably could never understand what he had done that Providence should so afflict him and make life so burdensome.—*Detroit Free Press*.

What Every House Needs.

One of the worst faults of our very faulty modern architecture, as applied to houses, is found in the fact that architects do not take into their plans the possibilities of sickness in the family. No house is properly constructed that has not in it a room or rooms expressly designed for the accommodation of the sick and the infirm. This room should have a warm, sunny exposure. The window light should be ample and command the widest possible view. The next essential is a good, liberal fireplace. By the warmth which it generates, and facilities for ventilation, the whole room is kept wholesome and pure. Not only so, but a slowly burning fire with its lights and shades, its rising sparks and glowing brands, its curling and many-colored smoke, and its changeful embers, furnishes ceaseless diversion to the sick one who lies watching it.

Nothing is more soothing and quieting than the influence which subtly steals over the senses of one who gazes dreamily into the gentle flame. It is companionship itself. The walls, too, should have their proper adornments. Pictures that suggest quiet and peace and the free, fresh life of nature outside, should be on them. A bracket with its vases of flowers; a green clambering vine, clinging ambitiously to the ceiling; a library case filled with familiar books; curtains that soften the light while admitting it—all these are helpful to one that lies in weakness and can take no more of life than the little room reveals. Better still, if just outside of the window stands a tree with the branches so placed that the leaves of some almost sweep the pane.

How much the sight of twigs, buds, and leaves, stirred by the wind and flecked with bright gleams of the sun, can cheer the mind of one who lies upon the pillow idly looking at them. The central thought expressed in a well-constructed sick room is—diversion. The object of its construction and location should be to give perfect accommodation and protection to the invalid, while at the same time it suggests the beauty and the freedom of being unconfined—the life and animation of the great out-door world beyond.

STUFFED TOMATOES.—Choose large tomatoes; scoop out a large place at the top, which fill with the following dressing: Chop very fine some cold cooked chicken or lamb; fry a little chopped onion in butter, and then, when just brown, throw in the chopped meat, a few bread-crumbs, and season with salt, pepper and some parsley; when hot and well mixed take it off the fire, add the yolk of a raw egg to bind together; fill with this preparation, sprinkle bread-crumbs over the top and bake. This is a very pretty garnish around any kind of meat.

COLORING KID GLOVES.—White kid gloves may easily be colored black, purple or lilac with a solution of one part extract logwood and three parts brandy; apply with a sponge and rub thoroughly dry, and keep rubbing the hands together so as to soften the gloves.

A Prairie Boy's Experience.

The habit of intelligent industry is, all things considered, not only the best legacy a father can leave his sons, but one of the most enduringly valuable elements of any boy's education. Emphasis, however, is to be laid on the word "intelligent." Habitual hard work, with no other motive than compulsion, is sheer slavery; and many a parent has found his efforts to make his sons industrious, thwarted and their lives spoiled, simply because he has unwisely undertaken to give them the training of slaves, not that of free-spirited and interested toilers. It is not the amount of work that boys do, but the manner of their doing it that makes them like or dislike hard work.

Absolute idleness in youth is often a better preparation for successful effort in riper years, on the farm or in the workshop, than a youth of unwilling drudgery. And one cause of the eagerness of country boys to abandon farm life has been—and this the chief cause—the unwisdom of parents in making their boys feel to the full the monetony and drudgery of farm life while restricting in every way its enjoyments. When boys are given a liberal foretaste of the freedom, the wholesome joys, and the profits of country living, they will be less likely to feel that anything is better than farming. And the same laws hold in every other industrial calling.

We are led to dwell upon this aspect of parental management by a Kansas letter to the New York *Tribune*, in which the writer tells the story of a prairie boy's experience at the hands of a wise father. The setting of the story we have no space for. Suffice it to say that it came out of a casual encounter between a country boy and the writer, who had lost his way. While conducting the traveler to the road he had strayed from the young pioneer contrasted his father's plan of encouraging his boys in being industrious and that of a neighbor.

"Now, there is Mr. A., who lives on the quarter section adjoining ours, and he has two sons, John and Henry. John is a little older than I, and Henry a year younger. Well, the way he encourages his boys is by having them up by daylight in the morning and keeping them on a keen jump all day long. He hardly allows them time to eat their meals. Why, last summer they worked till nine o'clock every evening, and didn't find an hour all summer in which they could go a fishing, or even in swimming. Then to pay them the old man gives their board and his own worn-out clothes, with occasionally a pair of boots or something of the kind thrown in. That is the way he teaches them to be industrious. But father's plan is entirely different. He gave me four acres of land which he had broken (this was two years ago last spring), and I was to do just what I pleased with it, and he would furnish me seed or means to obtain seed; all that he required of me was that I should attend to the garden, do the chores at the barn, and go to school in the winter.

"The first year I planted corn, and from my four acres I raised 120 bushels, which I sold for 30 cents a bushel.

"The next spring father let me have the use of his team, and I plowed my four acres and planted one and a half acres in castor beans, one half acre I put out in strawberry plants, one acre in sorghum, two rods in onions, and the remainder of the acre in sunflowers. Father laughed when I told him my plans, but he said it was my own land and I could do as I liked with it. I told him I wanted to experiment on different crops, so as to see which was the most profitable. Well, my castor beans were a good deal of trouble. I had to watch them so closely not to lose them when they cracked open. It was necessary to pick them immediately as fast as they ripened; but my little sister, seven years old, could attend to them about as well as I, and she did this faithfully on my promising her $5 when I sold my crops in the fall. I raised twenty-two bushels of beans off my one and a half acres, which I sold at $1 25 a bushel, so after paying my sister $5, I realized for them $22 50. Father had raised considerable sorghum, and he had all of the arrangements for pressing, boiling, etc. We worked together in preparing our sorghum, and I had from my acre two barrels of good sorghum molasses, which I sold for 35 cents a gallon, thus making $22 from my sorghum crop. My sunflowers, which were the laughing stock of so many, brought me enough to pay me for my trouble. I had planted and cultivated them very much as if they were corn. The flowers were splendid, many of them measuring three feet six inches in circumference, the stalks being from ten to twelve feet long and three inches in diameter. I planted them principally for the stalks, which I sold over at the next town for fuel. I had ten cords off of that part of an acre, and I realized $15 from the sale of them. I gave the seeds to father for his poultry. He thinks they are better than corn. Those who bought the stalks say that they burn readily, and make a very hot fire.

"Last spring I planted nothing but sorghum and onions, as they had brought me the most the year previous, and I have done better than either year before. My onions were the most profitable crop of all, as I made $12 off of my two rods. So last fall I had, after disposing of my crops, $71 50 in cash, nearly double what I had made the year before. I spent $20 of this on my wardrobe, $10 at Christmas, bought three more calves at $10 a head, and had $11 50 left for sundries. My onions didn't do quite as well as the year before. So this year I have made $300 off of my four acres. I can assure you I am beginning to feel very much encouraged in being industrious. I have just bought twenty more calves. I had to pay $12 a head for these, but they are beauties, I can tell you. If they do well they ought certainly to be worth in a year from now $450. I was offered $90 to-day for my other lot. I have no trouble in finding a market for my produce; for what I cannot sell here I ship on the railroad, and, as they carry at reasonable rates, I often prefer shipping, as I get better prices in the larger towns. I shipped nearly all of my strawberries this year.

"I was fifteen years old last August, and am worth to-day $390. To be sure my father has favored me in every way, furnishing me with seed, feed for my stock, allowing me the use of his team and farming implements, etc. But now I can afford to be more independent, and hope before long to help him, instead of his helping me. Father is making money, too. This is a fine wheat country, and he has put the most of his land into wheat. We have had fine seasons so far for our crops, and next year we may have grasshoppers or drought, or some drawback; but we have enough ahead now to stand one or two unprofitable seasons, so we don't worry. I intend to invest every year in stock, as I have found it far more profitabie than anything else."

The moral of the story goes without telling.

Dime Novels Again.

A week or two ago, four lads in New York, from fourteen to sixteen years old, resolved to start to the far West to seek their fortunes. After long saving, they managed to provide their outfit, which consisted of one gun, two parlor-pistols, one dagger, four horse-blankets (for their fiery mustangs which they meant to bestride) and twenty cents in cash.

They met at midnight at one of the ferries for a start, when the leader of the expedition discovered that he had left the photograph of his lady-love at home, and declaring that he could not travel without it, went back for it.

His mother heard him climbing in at the bath-room window, and gave the alarm; a policeman arrested him as a burglar, and he was marched off to a police-station, where his father recognized him the next morning.

The story came out, and the boys were taken home, we are told, "to be taught better sense." We doubt, however, if the teaching will be successful. A lad who can reach the age of sixteen with no other qualifications for facing and conquering the world than a pistol, a dagger, and the ideas gained from dime novels, is not likely ever to make a useful man in it. His parents are too late in beginning their training.

We have often before called attention to the growing ill effects of this lower class of sensational novels and story-papers upon our young people. An incident which occurred the other day enforces this fact as no words of ours can do.

A young woman was sentenced to imprisonment for life for the murder of her husband, a good honest man, who had been faithful and kind to her. "In her cell," states the newspaper of the town, "after the trial was over, was found the unopened Bible, furnished to all prisoners, and heaps of the cheap novels which she has delighted to read for years."

If her reading had been different, so we venture to say would have been her actions and her fate. "Figs do not bring forth thorns, nor grapes thistles."

Currency.

The foot of the White Mountains may be called a base resort.

"That strikes me as solid," remarked the boy who was hit with a brick.

The exertion of using a fan more than offsets any good derived from it.

Lawn is so cheap this year that even Queen Victoria can afford to have a new dress.

The more soda water you drink the more you will have to pay for. That's all the philosophy there is in it.

We never had worse weather, according to all reports, and yet no one ever saw small fruits so plentiful and cheap. Man is nothing if not a growler.

A clairvoyant at Lynn told a woman that her husband was not true to her, and the wife choked her until she was laid up for three weeks. It happened that the husband was dead.

The great Baron Rothschild would make a loan of $20,000,000 without being put out, but if he went home and found the sofa pillow awry, he'd get pouty and refuse to eat dinner.

Because Quincy, Ills., has a man named James Furlong, the New York *Mail* says that "when he walks he makes eight laps to the mile." We do not simile. The remark is more than rood.

DISEASES PECULIAR TO STUDENTS.—President Eliot, of Harvard College, at the dinner of the Massachusetts Medical Society in Boston, called the attention of the members of the society to certain peculiar diseases prevalent among the students of Harvard College. He had found that, in the senior class of two hundred young men, forty-two suffer so severely from diseases of the nose, throat and lungs that it is impossible, in the opinion of the Massachusetts Medical Society, for them to go to prayers; and a peculiar feature of the disease is that the same members of the society certify that it would be dangerous for them to go to prayers for six months to come. Another peculiarity is that the disease apparently increases the longer the student attends college, for while only 10 per centum of the freshman class are afflicted, 21 per centum of the seniors are. Still another peculiarity of the disease is that it exists only a few moments of the day, and always about the same time; it does not prevent the patients from going to their meals, even though the prayer bell is ringing at the same time; it does not prevent their attending recitations; they can even go to the theater and ride out home in the horse car late at night in mid-winter; they can row in the boats, play base-ball and even sing in the glee club. It is known that the disease exists, however, for it is certified to by members of the Massachusetts Medical Society.

WOOD FIRES.—In many a green valley of rural New England, there are children yet. Boys and girls are still to be found not quite overtaken by the march of mind. There, too, are huskings, and apple-bees, and quilting-parties, and huge old-fashioned fireplace piled with crackling walnut, flinging its rosy light over many countenance of youth, and scarcely less happy ag If it be true that, according to Corn lius Agrippa, "a wood fire doth dr away dark spirits," it is also true t around it the simple superstition our ancestors still love to linger; the half-sportful, half-serious ch of which I have spoken are resort Within the circle of the light open fire safely might the youn jurers question destiny; for no kindly and gentle messenger wonderland should ever dare to among them.

TOMATO PICKLES.—Wash g matoes, slice them into a dish ling salt between the layers; remain thus about twenty-fo Drain off the brine, add cold cook them a little tender, the the water, carefully place th in a jar, scattering whole mu bruised, but not ground clo of cinnamon, and red pepp green,) between the laye with hot vinegar. Put a keep them under the vine spices are used, tie up i before putting into the

The man who disc claims it aloud.

The Yolo Democrat

OFFICIAL PAPER OF YOLO COUNTY.

WOODLAND. CAL:

Thursday, August 7th, 1879.

Democratic Nominations.

Election, Wednesday, Sept. 3d, 1879.

STATE TICKET.

For Governor:
HUGH J GLENN..........Of Colusa
For Lieutenant-Governor:
LEVI CHASE..........Of San Diego
For Secretary of State:
W J TINNIN..........Of Trinity
For State Treasurer:
G T PAULI..........Of Sonoma
For Controller:
W B C BROWN..........Of Sacramento
For Attorney-General:
JO HAMILTON..........Of Placer
For Surveyor-General:
WILLIAM MINIS..........Of Yolo
For Clerk of Supreme Court:
D B WOOLF..........Of San Francisco
For Superintendent of Public Instruction:
HENRY C GESFORD..........Of Napa
For Chief Justice:
R F MORRISON..........Of San Francisco
For Associate Justices:
S B McKEE..........Of Alameda
E W McKINSTRY..........Of San Francisco
E M ROSS..........Of Los Angeles
T B REARDON..........Of Nevada
T P STONEY..........Of Napa
J D THORNTON..........Of San Francisco
For State Board of Equalization—Third Dist.:
CALEB E WILCOXSON..........Of Sutter
For Railroad Commissioner—First District.
G J CARPENTER..........Of El Dorado

FOR CONGRESS—*Third District:*
C P BERRY..........Of Sutter

JOINT SENATOR—*Yolo and Solano.*
J H HARLAN..........Of Yolo.

COUNTY TICKET.

E R BUSH..........Superior Judge
D N HERSHEY..........Assembly
J D LAWSON..........Sheriff
H B PENDEGAST..........Clerk
J O MAXWELL..........Recorder
A C KEAN..........Treasurer
FRED KLAYS..........Assessor
W H GRANT..........District Attorney
J W GOIN....County Superintendent Schools
L P EVERETT..........Surveyor
S L MONDAY..........Public Administrator
PETER KRELLENBERG..........Coroner
CACHE CREEK TOWNSHIP NOMINATIONS.
E PETERSON..........Justice of Peace
SAM MONTGOMERY..........Constable

REPUBLICANS DISTRESSED AT DEMOCRATIC PROSPECTS.

It is rather amusing to witness the distressed contortions of the Republican leaders, at the prospect of the success of the Democracy at the approaching election. Even the sleepy old S. F. *Bulletin*, with all its assumed dignity, thus exhibits its distressed apprehensions. It says that if any one of the three parties should win, the result will be a Democratic victory, thus:

If the H. B.'s should carry the day the outcome will be:
A Democratic Governor.
A Democratic Supreme Court.
Possibly a Democratic Legislature.
Possibly a Democratic Senator.
If the Workingmen should triumph the political aspect will be this:
A Democratic Governor.
A Democratic Supreme Court.
A majority of the Congressional delegation.
Possibly a Democratic Legislature.
Possibly a Democratic Senator.
If the Democracy straight, and without any disguise, should have a plurality, everything, of course, will be Democratic.

Well, as one of those parties is pretty sure to be elected, and that undoubtedly "the Democracy straight," the *Bulletin* may possess its dear old soul in patience, and put its house in order for the coming event. It seems rather strange that the *Bulletin*, which gave such fierce battle against the great Railroad Monopoly and its Railroad King, when it had for its leader the old Sacramento *Union*, pure and undefiled, before its sale to the Monopoly, should now be supporting that great monopoly's ticket for Governor and other State offices.

All this should teach the Democracy that they have no business to divide up their strength by these petty squabbles among themselves about non-essentials. And we trust that before the day comes around on which they are to bestow their suffrages all true Democrats will return to their old fold; and throw their united vote for the old "Democracy straight."

OUR FOREIGN DEBT.

A writer in *Harper's Monthly* estimates the entire indebtedness of the United States held abroad at $1,649,000,000. He thus gives us credit for paying only about $350,000,000 since 1875, when the debt was estimated at $2,000,000,000. *This tremendous debt was not accumulated during the war, as many suppose, but during the flush times which succeeded the war.* As a people, we have never been growing poorer so fast as during the years from '66 to '73, when the impression was general that we were rapidly growing rich. In the ten years between 1865 and 1875, our imports exceeded our exports by $926,000,000. A portion of this excess we paid in gold and silver, but the larger part in bonds.—*S. F. Call.*

This shows that it is high time that the government of the United States should be taken out of the hands of the present destructives, who have been over-burdening the people with taxation, with high tariffs and Credit Mobilier swindles and plundering office-holders. And this nearly *two thousand millions of dollars*, is only our foreign debt. We have nearly as much more in debts due [illegible] the banking sharks and Shylocks of our [illegible]wn country. And "this tremendous debt [illegible]as not accumulated during the war," but [illegible]as gone to gorge the masses of the political [illegible]rmorants that hover around this fraudu[illegible]t administration, and are robbing our [illegible]ional treasury on every side. Is it not [illegible] that these harpies were hurled from [illegible]r, and an honest Democratic adminis[illegible]n put in their places? [illegible] want another Democratic administration [illegible]hat of our Democratic old hero, President [illegible]n, who drove the plundering thieves [illegible]d paid off our national debt, and [illegible]ur people on the road to prosperity [illegible]ess. Let us then see to it that we [illegible]emocratic Legislature and a Demo[illegible]overnor in California, and are pre[illegible], carry our gallant State into the [illegible]tic side of the scale in our next [illegible]ial contest.

[illegible] Rowell & Co., in the *American* [illegible] *Directory* for July, show that the [illegible]ber of newspapers in the United [illegible] increased since January of the [illegible], from 8,703 to 9,153. New pa[illegible] in the Territories. Suspen[illegible]en fewer than in any corres[illegible]d for several years.

[illegible]o is afraid Tilden will be the [illegible] advises him, in the New York [illegible]ay, not to run.

KEARNEYITE QUALIFICATIONS FOR OFFICE.

The Kearneyites in San Francisco seem in a constant stew about something. They go to work one day and nominate a list of candidates for office; the next, they overhaul the list, and generally drop or throw overboard about half their nominees, and try a new lot. A general fandango of this kind was held a few days since, Denis Kearney presiding. They seemed much puzzled to define what the true qualifications of their candidates should be. They finally settled upon what should be the negative qualifications; and they declared ineligible—

First—Any man who asked a delegate to vote for him.

Second—Any man who has employed Chinese since he joined the W. P. C.

Third—Incompetency.

Fourth—Refusal to pay his just debts, if able.

Fifth—Any man who, while holding a public office, voted against the interest of the people.

Sixth—Any man who voted or worked against the new Constitution.

Seventh—Any man nominated in a Ward or District Convention who is obnoxious to a majority of the Clubs in said district.

Eighth—Any man who has worked or voted with any other party than the W. P. C.

Kearney defined "incompetency" to be a man who sat all day straddling a whiskey barrel, whittling sticks. And as there were none of the crew who were voters that had not worked or voted with some other party than the W. P. C's, it follows that none are eligible according to their own standard; so by next meeting they will have to go over their lists, revise them and fire out the ineligibles again and again. One candidate for the Assembly, that a delegate declared *could not read or write*, was nominated by acclamation. And how many there are who have kept their fourth qualification, it will not do to inquire into too closely.

WHEREFORE PERKINS SHOULD NOT BE ELECTED.

The Santa Rosa *Democrat* presents these sound views: "The Republican Press of this State are urging the claims of George C. Perkins for Governor under the specious plea that the election of a man of his position and standing is needed to restore public confidence. They assert that merchants, bankers, insurance companies and all other business men are moving cautiously, and are afraid to make investments on account of the unsettled condition of affairs, and to remove this hindrance and to open the way to better times, the election of Mr. Perkins is essential. There is but little doubt that bankers and that class of men are anxious to see one of their own kind at the head of the State Government. On the other hand, the feeling of the people is against a monopolist; the majority of our citizens, men who have small farms or are following a mercantile or mechanical business, feel the oppression that has been caused by steamboat, banking and other monopolies, and are cautious about vesting the powers of State in the hands of a man connected with a steamboat company that, at least, attempts to monopolize all the coast trade, which pools freights and fares with the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, and who is directly interested in banking corporations as President of one of the banks of San Francisco. Viewed in this light, the argument must fall to the ground. The State has suffered materially in the past few years from the distrust with which the mechanics, farmers and laboring men have regarded the power of corporations, and the election of Geo. C. Perkins will only tend to the continuance of this feeling, and so far from restoring public confidence and removing the prevalent hard times, it will increase them in force and intensity."

DEMOCRATIC NON-ESSENTIALS.

Wade Hampton is reported to have said that he does not care whether Democrats are for hard money or for soft money, so that they are Democrats. This attitude of that party brings up issues before which questions of money, labor, or property sink into insignificance.

Such is the statement of Secretary Sherman, in a recent political speech delivered by him in Portland, Maine. Well, what of it? Is it not a sensible remark of Governor Hampton? What essential principle is involved in the question of hard or soft money, as it is called? Of course we of California, and those of us who admired the doctrines of that stern old hard money man, "Old Bullion," as he was called, prefer hard money, gold or silver, to paper money. But we are none of us averse to taking paper money, when we can get it. It is true we do not admire the paper rags of irresponsible, rotten banks, that impose upon the people their worthless stuff and would be glad to have all those speculating machines, the banks that issue irredeemable paper, superceded by responsible paper money, issued directly by our Government. We see no need of what is called the "Greenback Party"—as most of those who belong to it do not seem to have any distinct object that might not better be gained as members of the Democratic party; and Gov. Hampton is quite right in saying he does not care whether Democrats are for hard money or soft money, so that they are Democrats. And so we may say as to the new fledged issue forced upon us in California. We don't care whether a Democrat is a new Constitution man or an old one, so long as he is a Democrat. It is unworthy of true Democrats to be caviling and squabbling among themselves, and weakening their strength by these senseless quarrels about non-essentials.

In another column we publish a letter from an intelligent gentleman, and a man whose judgment carries much weight with his assertions. As an Irishman by nativity, and a Catholic by education and choice, he denies the insinuation made by the *Republican* a few days since that Barney, the New Constitution nominee for Sheriff, had claims on the Irish Catholic vote; and he avers, furthermore, that Mr. Barney has no just grounds to claim that vote. But we refer our readers to the letter, as it speaks plainly for itself.

Significant.

SAN DIEGO, August 3.—At an election for City Assessor to fill a vacancy yesterday, Christian, straight Democrat, was elected by about 100 majority over Whipple, the H. B. and Democratic fusion candidate. The Republicans ran no candidate.

THE EMPLOYMENT OF CHINESE.

If any one thing can be more senseless and ridiculous than another, in this political campaign, it is the idiotic howl of the demagogues who fear the success of the Democracy, against Dr. Glenn, accusing him of carrying on his extensive farming operations, chiefly with Chinese help. And the most absurd part of this is, that the greatest howlers are those organs belonging to the Railroad monopolists, who employ Chinese by tens of thousands. Now these shrewd organs do not seem to know that while by this clamor they are striking at Dr. Glenn one blow, they are letting fall a hundred blows upon their own political friends; for among all the fruit and vegetable farmers throughout most of the counties of the State, there is not, probably, ten in one hundred that do not employ Chinese to aid them in gathering their crops. And how can they do otherwise? They pay the Chinamen 80 cents a day and he boards himself; they would have to pay white men, *if they could get them to do such work*, $1.50 and board, equal to $2 per day, which would not only take off every cent of their profits, but leave them largely in debt. Every box of tomatoes, for instance, or peaches, would cost them one dollar by the time they were laid down in the city, where they are on an average sold for less than fifty cents the box. And they would have to charge a dollar or a dollar and a half a box in order to pay expenses, to say nothing of a reasonable profit; and how many poor people in the city could afford to buy either fruit or vegetables at such high prices?

We know of farmers in this county along the foot-hills in the region of Putah Creek and Pleasant Valley, who voted for the new Constitution and who voted the N. C. and Workingmen's tickets, as well as Democrats, who employ Chinese help, and who must do it or give up their business of fruit and vegetable raising. The only fruit grower we have heard of in that region that does not employ Chinese is a Democrat who did not vote for the new Constitution—and he had to discontinue sending to the market long before the season was over, because it would not pay to send at such high cost and sell at such low prices.

If the Railroad magnates who employ Chinese by the tens of thousands, cannot afford to hire any other labor, why should the farmers be ostracised *by these same railroad organs*, for employing the only help in their power to employ? Do these howlers against the employment of Chinese labor, refrain from using tea and rice grown by the Chinese, or from smoking their cheap cigars or using their cehap shoes? Until they do, they would appear better to stop such senseless clamor.

We remember the time when a great hue and cry was raised against the employment of so many Irish and other foreigners upon the public works. But we had supposed the people had out grown such intolerant ideas.

We would not by any means favor the employment of Chinese. They "must go." But on the part of these howling organs it is the old "stop thief" cry, to cover up the overshadowing guilt of their own partisans.

GRANT'S CELESTIAL TRIUMPHS.

Washington, July 19.—The fact that General Grant is receiving greater honors in China than were ever bestowed on mortal man by the Chinese, causes his friends here great gratification. They say that when a country so utterly "foreign" as China honors General Grant so lavishly, it is time that abuse of him at home should cease. It is remarked here that the Chinese seemed to have forgiven the unmannerly action of the American Congress in attempting to limit the migration of Chinamen to America. At least they acquit General Grant of blame in the premises. A curious reason is given for the hearty welcome of Grant in China, namely, that the ship's company that took him there was limited to fifteen persons.—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

This is all humbug, about Gen. Grant's receiving greater honors in China than were ever bestowed on mortal man by the Chinese. They showed ten-fold more honor to Koxsinga, the Robin Hood, the Pirate hero of the China seas, whenever he came ashore, like Grant, to gain the Kow-tows and the fulsome applause of the mobocracy. Instead of all these nonsensical flummeries of the Chinese in ridicule of Grant making it a reason why he should be thus flattered at home, it is a very good reason why he should not be honored at home, but held in contempt, for his ridiculous *chin-chinning* among the Mongols. And while Grant is thus hob-nobbing with the Chinese in China, his especial political satraps in California are *pretending* to join in the cry "*the Chinese must go!*"

Barney and the Catholics.

CACHEVILLE, Aug. 4, 1879.

EDITOR DEMOCRAT:—Dear Sir:—It seems rather strange that the scribe of the "little seven-by-nine" should take such great pains lately in his sheet to tell the H. B. Carey Barney, the N. C. P. candidate for Sheriff of this county, that he would fail to control the "Irish Catholic vote" at the coming election. Surely all this trouble is entirely unnecessary, as Mr. Barney is well aware that neither his past conduct nor his poetical Irish name of Barney, nor all the blarney at his command, (which is unmeasurable,) will induce a single Irish Catholic to cast his vote for him at the next election. He is not so unreasonable as to suppose that we would desert the grand old party of Jackson and Jefferson, that has always been the staunch friend of the "Exile of Erin" since he first put foot on the free soil of this great Republic, to vote for him, who, after being elected three times by his party to an office, then became a recreant to them. *Non Possumus.* It may be well to tell those parties who are so deeply interested in the "Irish Catholic vote" of this county, that it will be cast for that honest, unswerving Democrat, John D. Lawson, and for the other parties whose names go to make up the Democratic ticket. I am sorry to see a few of my countrymen so badly gulled by their enemies, and led astray by discontented hot heads. "*Cupidi no varum verum,*" under the leadership of the ignorant babbler, Denis Kearny, whose name stinks in the nostrils of every intelligent Irishman, who is unworthy of the land that claims a Grattan, a Curran and an O'Connell as her sons. But it is not yet too late, and we will not feel much surprised if before the first of the coming mouth we find those few repentant, having reconsidered their folly, marshaled again under the standard of Democracy, and pledged to give their support to the party with which they and their fathers have been so long identified.

Yours Truly,
"AN IRISH CATHOLIC VOTER."

Burned to Death.

BATTLE CREEK (Mich.), July 31.—The pleasure steamer Lew Clark, on Goguac Lake, was burned this morning; also the dwelling of James Cleveland and three boat houses. Mrs. Cleveland and her infant perished in the flames, and two other children were so badly injured they are not expected to live. Cleveland saved his own and one of his children's lives by jumping with it from a second story into the lake.

Latest Telegraphic News.

Associated Press Special Dispatches

Eades' Plan for a Ship Railway.

NEW YORK, July 30.—The *World* says: When Capt. Eades announces that the best solution of a problem of a ship canal across the isthmus is not a ship canal at all, but a ship railway, his opinion will carry great weight with people of this country, and it will be listened to with respect by engineers in Europe. Capt. Eades, of jetty fame, is in town en route to Europe. He was interviewed yesterday by a *World* reporter, and confessed that he had thought considerable of the various projects to cut through the Isthmus of Darien. The idea was for a ship railroad, and he had assurance from a number of capitalists for the necessary money whenever he was prepared to build it. He was satisfied that a road could be built for one quarter of the amount required for any other transit, in a quarter of the time. A part of his purpose in going to Europe now is in relation to this subject.

Not Tom Lawton.

WALLA WALLA (W. T.), July 30.—The man, Wm. Culpepper, now in Lewiston jail, who has tried to palm himself off as Tom Lawton, one of the Tullis murderers, has made another statement denying all he has previously said in the matter.

A Father Poisons Two Sons.

PADUCAH (Ky.), July 30.—The neighboring county of Livingston was the scene of a distressing accident this morning. Two young sons of Dr. A. H. S. Boyd, being ill, their father determined to give them a tonic, but through mistake gave them some poison. In half an hour they were taken with spasms, and one died in a half and the other in three-quarters of an hour.

Deaths in Iowa.

DUBUQUE, July 30.—The *Herald's* correspondent at Centre Point telegraphs that the epidemic is still on the increase. Not less than 100 cases are now reported in the immediate neighborhood, with fatalities occurring every hour. Six deaths are reported at the town of Walker, distant only a few miles, from the same disease, which is an indication of its epidemic or contagious character, which is truly alarming.

NASHVILLE, July 30.—Dr. J. D. Plunkett, President of the Sanitary Council of the Mississippi Valley, to-day received the following dispatch from the Mayor of Centre Point, Iowa:

"The report sent abroad of our having cholera at this point is entirely false. We have a number of cases of dysentery, proving fatal only among children."

The Lucky Numbers.

LOUISVILLE (Ky.), July 31.—The Following were chief prizes in the Commonwealth Lottery, drawn to-day: No. 65,491 drew $60,000; No. 52,618 drew $10,000; No. 24,-277 drew $5,000.

English Grain Market.

LIVERPOOL, August 1.—A leading grain circular says: The present is a time of much uncertainty, as upon the state of the weather for the next fortnight depends whether prices will remain about as at present, or are to be for the season considerable higher.

Suffocated.

CINCINNATI, August 2.—At a late hour last night Mrs. John Howe, wife of a prominent business man in Cincinnati, and a servant, Ann Brown, fell through the floor of a vault at their residence in Covington, and before they could be rescued both suffocated. Mr. Howe, hearing their cries, ran out and jumped down to their relief. He was taken out insensible, but was resuscitated by vigorous means.

Views of a Congressman on Chinese Labor.

NEW YORK, August 2.—A *Tribune's* Washington correspondent interviewed Casey Young, Representative from Tennessee. He says Chinese labor has been tried on some of the cotton and sugar plantations, and he enthusiastically declares that the Chinese are the best laborers that can be found for the alluvial region of the lower Mississippi. He says they are quite industrious, and do not meddle with politics. He declares that on the other hand negroes are "born politicians," and that some of them are the best political managers in the South to-day.

Fire in Grain Fields.

LIVERMORE, August 3.—About eight hundred acres of growing and stacked wheat, in Viacitos Valley, belonging to Narcisse, Sunol and others, was destroyed by fire Friday. Loss, about $3,000; no insurance; cause unknown.

Rain in Santa Barbara.

SANTA BARBARA, August 3.—Slight sprinkle of rain here at noon to-day, lasting about ten minutes; not enough to effect the corn or bean crop, or to injure feed.

A Desperate Fight in Texas.

GALVESTON, August 3.—A *News* special from Arlington says: Deputy United States Marshal George White and party, with a prisoner, Tom Alford, while en route to Fort Worth, were attacked by three of Alford's brothers. In the ensuing skirmish Marshal White was shot in the breast, perhaps fatally. Two of the Alfords were wounded, but they rescued the prisoner and escaped.

The Situation at Memphis.

MEMPHIS, August 3.—Twelve new cases were reported to the Board of Health to-day--six of whom were colored. Two deaths have occured.

According to the report of J. H. Edmondson, Superintendent of nurses of the Howard Association, they have sixty-five nurses on duty attending to the seventy-three sick people, fifty-six of whom are whites and seventeen colored. The death rate to date has been 33 1-3 per cent of cases.

Raid on a Kansas Town.

ST. LOUIS, August 3.—Four unknown men, supposed to belong to a gang of desperadoes in Indian Territory, rode into Coneyville, Kansas, yesterday, robbed the Post Office and committed other depredations. Citizens resisted, one of whom, named Fitzpatrick, was killed, and another, named Roberts, wounded. The robbers then left, and shortly after a detachment of United States troops started in pursuit, but at last accounts had made no arrests.

Dr. Talmage.

GLASGOW, August 3.—The enthusiasm for the Rev. Dr. Talmage continues unabated. During the past three weeks he has lectured to thousands nightly, and on Sundays he has preached to tens of thousands. In St. Andrew's Hall to-day he preached to 6,000 worshipers.

Attempt at Murder and Suicide.

BIRD'S LANDING, Solano Co., Aug. 4.—An old resident of Jerusalem, in this county, named Weingartner, who had become jealous of his wife, attempted to kill ker by cutting her throat with a razor, which he nearly accomplished, and she now lies in a critical condition, but will probably recover. He then cut his own throat, completely severing the wind-pipe. The children called for help, when John Rugelhutta and Jake Henry rushed in by breaking the door open, and soon the whole neighborhood was present. The oldest child, aged 15, was so horrified that she is in as dangerous a condition as her parents. It is thought all will recover.

Mother and Child Murdered.

PETERSBURG (Va.), August 4.—During the absence of James Rose, a colored farmer, from his home, Maggie Tinns, with whom he lived, and their infant child, were murdered by an unknown man and a woman Rose had married and abandoned.

A Family Killed by Lightning.

ST. PAUL, August 4.—A whole family, consisting of E. P. Lesner, his wife and two children, were struck by lightning at Rochester, Minnesota, on Sunday. The wife and children are dead, and Lesner will die.

Kentucky Election.

NEW YORK, August 5.—The *World's* Louisville dispatch says: Returns from to-day's election are meagre, but indicate a falling off in the Democratic vote. Blackburn's majority will probably fall short of McCreary's, four years ago—viz., 60,000—by 10,000 or 15,000. In this city alone there is a loss of over 3,000. There was great apathy among Democrats all over the State. The Republicans gain a few members of the Legislature, but the Democrats still have about ten to one. A majority failed to vote for the call for a Constitutional Convention. In fact, it is doubtful if a majority of the 257,000 voted at all.

Severe Storm in England.

LONDON, August 4.—The severest storm for many years raged Saturday night. It was attended by a fall of hailstones, some five inches in circumference. The damage to glass around London amounts to thousands of pounds sterling. In a great part of Bedfordshire the hay crop is completely swept away, and many cattle are drowned. New Market and neighborhood are flooded. The rainfall in Buckinghamshire is estimated at seventy tons per acre. Damages by floods and lightning are also reported from Cambridge, Norfolk, Guilford, Leicester and Bath. The storm was terribly severe in the valley of the Thames. Immense injury is done to growing crops. The damage by rain, hail and inundations is irreparable this season. The loss of live stock is serious.

Condensed Telegrams.

A fire at Vincennes, Ind., destroyed property valued at $150,000.

Work has been resumed on the lateral branch of the Sutro Tunnel.

At Stockton, on the 30th, G. A. Brunner attempted to commit suicide.

The Congressional Labor Committee are engaged in investigations at Chicago.

A railway train ran into a wagon at Lisbon, Me., instantly killing three persons.

George Wall & Co., of Colombo and London, have failed. Liabilities £300,000.

At Oswego, N. Y., July 31st, four ladies were drowned by the upsetting of a steam yacht.

One thousand bankers are expected to attend the National Bankers' Convention at Saratoga.

Two ladies were drowned in the Raritan river, N. B., on the 31st ult., by the capsizing of a boat.

July 30th a cannon burst on board the German gunboat Renown, killing five and wounding 25 persons.

Chevalier Jumonville, more than thirty years cashier of the Canal Bank, Chicago, is a defaulter for $20,000.

Orlakeuf, a village on the Bosphorus, has been burning since Monday. Hundreds of families are made homeless.

Lisbon, Spain, has ordered that vessels from New York and New Jersey be quarantined on account of yellow fever.

Lewis Mayer, of Philadelphia, and Joseph Jones, of Coshoken were drowned on Saturday, while bathing, at Philadelphia.

There were fourteen new cases of yellow fever reported in Memphis Saturday. The total number of deaths for the week was 44.

John Barker, a bailed criminal, was shot and killed by an unknown party while attending a camp meeting at Seguin, Texas, July 28.

Edward P. Paige, formerly Chief Clerk of the Vermont Central Railroad freight office, has been arrested on a charge of embezzling $17,000.

John Taylor has satisfied the heirs of Brigham Young's estate by filing indemnity bonds, thus releasing him from contempt proceedings.

John Kranz and five children were drowned near East Farmington, their team becoming frightened and tipping them out into a lake.

Jacob Behrman was badly injured and W. Cramer instantly killed by being tipped out of a vehicle over a high bluff near Deadwood, D. T., on Sunday.

A hunter named Walter F. King was nearly killed in an encounter with a grizzley bear Wednesday morning at Skunk's Hollow, 35 miles from San Jose.

Twelve new cases of yellow fever, but no deaths, occurred at Memphis on the 30th. At Havana, for the week ending the 26th, there were 117 deaths.

At Quebec on the 4th a family of seven persons were poisoned by eating bread which had been kept in the same place with Paris green, and are all dead.

In the Calcutta District of India, the happy announcement is made that the crops will be sufficient to keep the people alive till the rice is ready to harvest.

Kate Webster, who murdered her mistress, Mrs. Thomas, at Richmond, England, and confessed the crime, was hanged in Wadsworth prison on the 29th.

Charles S. Davis, who committed the assault on Kearney at Santa Ana last Spring, has been fined $200 in the San Francisco Police Court. He paid the fine.

Dr. Bane cowhided a polygamous Mormon Elder at Salt Lake on Sunday, for slandering his mother, and the Dr's course was approved by the ladies of the city, who showered boquettes upon him.

A Fairfield dispatch says the route to Benicia will not be abandoned on account of the sink that recently occurred, but that it will be filled in or bridged so that the road will be in operation early in September.

From the Landing.

KNIGHTS LANDING, Aug. 5, 1879.

EDITOR DEMOCRAT:—Our town is quite lively at present, occasioned by the immense quantity of wheat coming in from the country, together with that being shipped down the river by boat. Our streets are crowded pretty well every day with ranch teams, and business is improving. In consequence our town is coming out in new paint and sidewalks, and everything seems to be taking considerable new life.

Politics and the political pool seem to be getting stagnant for the want of candidates to stir them up. The Democrats met at Blacks last Saturday to nominate a Supervisor for this district, but failed to do so. Are they getting weak-kneed over the popularity of the "Foxtail" candidate?

Our boys and girls are not discouraged or troubled very much over political parties. It is the terpsichorean style that troubles them just now; they are making great preparations for a party next Friday night, and I presume anticipate a grand success, as they have engaged the talent of Cacheville to furnish the dulcet strains. D. J.

The Fruit Cathartic.

Dr. J. De Prati's Hamburg Figs (medicated), can be obtained at the well known Drug Store of J. B. Elston. Price 25 cents per box. Hamburg Figs never fail to cure habitual constipation. jel2d3m

Palace Restaurant for Sale.

On account of the death of my husband and a desire to withdraw from the business, I offer the old established and well known Palace Restaurant, which is doing a well paying business, for sale, containing twelve furnished rooms and everything in good order. jy6dw MRS. M. DAVIDSON.

Otto Hanson, Leading Tailor,

No. 106 J street, between Fourth and Fifth, Sacramento. Just received the best selected stock of imported cloths for Summer and Autumn wear ever brought to this market, all of the very latest styles. I do not make up any shoddy suits. All my work guaranteed, or no sale. I have reduced prices to order, as follows: Business Suits from $30; Diagonal Suits, from $35. au3dw

There have been more cures of nervous debility, weakness of reproductive organs and paralysis made by the wonderful English remedy, Sir Astley Cooper's Vital Restorative, than by all other remedies combined. Why will you suffer? Send to A. E. Mintie, M. D., No. 11 Kearny street, San Francisco, for the Restorative, and be cured. Price $3 per bottle; four times the quantity, $10. Try it, Sold by Elston & White

Dr. Mintie's Nephreticum.

A compound fluid extract of Buchu, Dr. Mintie's Nephreticum, works wonders. All cases of Dropsy, Bright's Disease, Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Complaints, or retention of Urine, are entirely cured by the Nephreticum. Gravel, Diabetes, pain in the back, side and loin are cured when all medicines have failed. See what the Druggists of Portland and San Francisco say about Dr. Mintie's Nephreticum and English Dandelion Pills: "We have sold a large amount of Dr. Mintie's medicines; the English Dandelion Pills, also the Nephreticum, and in all cases they are highly spoken of and give entire satisfaction." John A. Childs, Druggist, Second street, Portland. C. H. Woodward & Co., Druggists, corner First and Alder street, Portland. Messrs. Abrams & Carroll, wholesale Druggists, Nos. 3 and 5 Front street, San Francisco, say: "*We regard Nephreticum as the best Kidney and Bladder Remedy* before the public." All Druggists keep these medicines. For all derangements of the Liver, use Dr. Mintie's English Dandelion Pills. For Biliousness and Dyspepsia, use Dr. Mintie's English Dandelion Pills. For Fever and Ague, use Dr. Mintie's English Dandelion Pills. Every family should keep the English Dandelion Pills on hand. Dr. Mintie's remedies will not "Cure all Complaints," but will, if taken according to directions, give immediate relief and perfect a cure in all troubles for which they are recommended. Sold by Elston & White, Druggists. je20dw

The scarcity of Diamonds, Gold and Silver, and the difficulties met with in securing them is a sure indication of their value.

Thus it is with a valuable medicine, Dr Aug. Kaiser's celebrated German Pulmonic Elixir, through the jealousy of rivals, has met with the most bitter opposition, and apparently almost insurmountable obstacles have been thrown in its way; but its opponents might as well try to change the course of the Sun, sweep back the Ocean with a broom or put out a prarie fire with a tear.

For the cure of Throat and Lung diseases, such as Coughs, Colds, Consumption and Bronchial Affections, it is unequaled. Its cures are truly magical. Ask your Druggists, ELSTON & WHITE, for it. The genuine bears the Prussian Coat of Arms, the fac-simile signature of Dr. Aug. Kaiser, and has his name blown on every 75-cent bottle. Trial bottle, 25 cents.

New Constitution Party

LOCAL TICKET.

YOLO COUNTY, 1879.

FOR SUPERIOR JUDGE,
JAMES JOHNSON.
FOR ASSEMBLYMAN,
CHAS. G. DAY.
FOR SHERIFF,
CAREY BARNEY.
FOR COUNTY CLERK,
J. H. MURPHY.
FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY,
R. CLARK.
FOR COUNTY RECORDER,
R. W. MEGOWAN.
FOR COUNTY TREASURER,
JOHN M. RHODES.
FOR COUNTY ASSESSOR,
JOHN B. CRONIN.
FOR SUPERINTENDENT PUBLIC SCHOOLS,
J. W. MARTIN.
FOR PUBLIC ADMINISTRATOR,
G. C. ST. LOUIS.
FOR CORONER,
W. E. FIFIELD.
FOR RAILROAD COMMISSIONER,
HENRY LARKIN, of El Dorado County.
FOR STATE BOARD OF EQUALIZATION,
JOHN M. KELLEY, of Yolo County.
FOR JUSTICES OF THE PEACE—CACHE CREEK TOWNSHIP,
D. C. HUBBARD,
J. L. PACE.
FOR CONSTABLES,
E. FOLLETT,
A. M. HAYWARD. au7w

HESPERIAN COLLEGE,

WOODLAND, CAL.

FACULTY:

A. M. ELSTON, A. M., President and Professor of Ancient Languages and Elocution.
R. A. GRANT, A. M., Professor of Mathematics and Astronomy, and Pro-tem Professor of Natural Science.
F. A. PEDLER, B. S., Professor of English Literature.
BETTIE WOODS, Principal of Preparatory School.
W. T. LUCAS, M.D., Lecturer on Anatomy and Physiology.
IGNACIO BROWN, Teacher of Telegraphy and Penmanship.
DR. A. A. DESCHOWITZ, Teacher of Hebrew, French, German and Spanish.
MISS S. M. LASLEY, Teacher of Instrumental Music.
F. A. PEDLAR, Secretary of the Faculty.

The **FALL TERM** of this growing Institution begins

Monday, August 18, 1879.

The prospects of Hesperian College are flattering. The Laboratory is now supplied with Philosophical and Chemical apparatus not excelled by any similar Institution in the State. The Faculty expect to welcome a large number of Students, and to inaugurate a successful and prosperous session. au7w1m

Trustees' Sale.

PURSUANT TO THE PROVISIONS OF A Deed of Trust made by C. P. GETTIER and his Wife, L. E. GETTIER, to C. H. SWIFT and C. H. ROSS, Trustees, and recorded in Book "L" of Mortgages at page 245 and following, Records of the County of Yolo, State of California, and on application of the SACRAMENTO SAVINGS BANK, holder of the indebtedness secured to be paid thereby, and for default in the payment thereof, I will sell at Public Auction in front of the Court House in the Town of Woodland, County of Yolo, State of California, to the highest bidder for Gold Coin, between the hours of one and two o'clock P.M on MONDAY, THE TWENTY-FIFTH DAY OF AUGUST, 1879, all that certain real property described as follows, to-wit: Lots One (1) and Two (2) in Sibley's Addition to the Town of Woodland, together with all and singular the tenements thereto belonging.
au7w3t C. H. SWIFT, Surviving Trustee.

County Treasurer's Notice.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT there are Funds in the Treasury to redeem all Warrants registered as follows:

ON THE GENERAL FUND,
Prior to September 10th, 1878, and Warrants Nos. 850, 852, 856, 857 and 875, registered September 10th, 1878.

ON THE HOSPITAL FUND,
Prior to May 14th, 1878, and Warrant No. 411, Registered May 14th, 1878.

ON THE CONTINGENT FUND,
Prior to July 1st, 1878.

WOODLAND, August 1st, 1879.
A. C. KEAN,
au1d1w3 Treasurer Yolo County.

CHARLES LUNN,

Piano Maker and Tuner.

Is now in Woodland and will remain for a few days to wait upon those who desire his services. Leave orders at this office. jy29dw

$1500 TO $6000 a year, or $5 to $20 a day in your own locality. No risk. Women do as well as men. Many make more than the amount stated above. No one can fail to make money fast. Any one can do the work. You can make from 50 cents to $2 an hour by devoting your evenings and spare time to the business. It costs nothing to try the business. Nothing like it for money making ever offered before. Business pleasant and strictly honorable. Reader, if you want to know all about the best paying business before the public, send us your address and we will send you full particulars and private terms free. Samples worth $5 also free. You can then make up your mind for yourself. Address, GEORGE STINSON & CO., Portland, Maine. jy3dw

FOR SALE:—TWELVE HUNDRED Acres of Good Farming Land, well watered and timbered; situated in Capay Valley. For further information inquire of
jy1 GEO. W. ALFORD.

CANDIDATES.

DAVID N. HERSHEY,
DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE
FOR ASSEMBLYMAN.
jy24dw

J. O. MAXWELL,
DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE
FOR COUNTY RECORDER.
jy17dw

JOHN D. LAWSON,
DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE
FOR SHERIFF.
jy16dw

J. H. HARLAN,
DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE
FOR JOINT SENATOR
(YOLO AND SOLANO.) jy27dw

J. K. SMITH,
REPUBCICAN CANDIDATE
FOR COUNYT CLERK.
jy27dw

ELIAS PETERSON,
DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE
FOR JUSTICE OF THE PEACE
OF CACHE CREEK TOWNSHIP.

J. W. GOIN,
DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE
—FOR—
SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT.

A. C. KEAN,
DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE
FOR COUNTY TREASURER.
jy15dw*

E. R. BUSH,
DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE
FOR SUPERIOR JUDGE.
jy15dw

H.B. PENDEGAST,
DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE
FOR COUNTY CLERK.
je20dw

FRED. KLAYS,
DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE
FOR COUNTY ASSESSOR.
jy16dw*

SAMUEL MONTGOMERY,
DEMOCRATIC NOMINEE
—FOR—
Constable of Cache Creek Township. jy21dw

HUDSON GRANT,
DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE
FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY.
jy17dw

A GOOD PLAN.

Anybody can learn to make money rapidly operating in Stocks, by the "Two Unerring Rules for Success," in Messrs. Lawrence & Co.'s new circular. The combination method which this firm has made so successful, enables people with large or small means to reap all the benefits of large capital and best skill. Thousands of orders, in various sums, are pooled into one vast amount and *Co-operated as a mighty whole*, thus securing to each shareholder all the advantages of the largest operator. Immense profits are divided monthly. Any amount from $5 to $5,000 or more, can be used successfully. N. Y. *Baptist Weekly* September 26th, 1878 says, "By the combination system $15 would make $75, or 5 per cent.; $50 pays $350, or 7 per cent.; $100 makes $1,000, or 10 per cent, on the stock, during the month, according to the market." *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*, June 29th: "The combination method of operating stocks is the most successful ever adopted." *New York Independent* Sept. 12th: "The combination system is founded upon correct business principles, and no person need be without an income while it is kept working by Messrs. Lawrence & Co." *Brooklyn Journal*, April 29th: Our editor made a net profit of $101.25 from $20 in one of Messrs. Lawrence & Co.'s Combination." New circular (mailed free) explains everything. Stocks and bonds wanted. Government bonds supplied. Lawrence & Co., Bankers, 57 Exchange Place, N. Y. Je5w3m

$300 A MONTH guaranteed. $12 a day at home made by the industrious. Capital not required; we will start you. Men, women, boys and girls make money faster at work for us than at anything else. The work is light and pleasant, and such as anyone can go right at. Those who are wise who see this notice will send us their addresses at once and see for themselves. Costly outfit and terms free. Now is the time. Those already at work are laying up large sums of money. Address, TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine. jy3dw

Notice to Wood Contractors.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE Board of Supervisors of Yolo County, State of California, will receive Sealed Bids for Forty-five cords of four-foot Oak Wood, of good sound quality, for use at the Court House and County Hospital of said county. Bids will be received until MONDAY, AUGUST ELEVENTH, 1879, at One P.M. Said wood to be delivered within the time specified by the Board at the time of letting said contract, and to be corded upon the grounds of said Court House and Hospital.

The Board reserves the right to reject any or all bids.

Dated July 28th, 1879.
D. M. BURNS, Clerk.
jy31wtd By IGNACIO BROWN, Deputy Clerk.

Notice to Creditors.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN BY THE undersigned, Administrator of the Estate of WILLIAM KEY, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within FOUR months after the first publication of this notice, to the undersigned, Executor of said estate, at his residence 4 miles north of Woodland, Yolo County, California, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said Estate.
ty10w5t EDWARD KNIGHT, Executor.

Notice to Painters.

AT A REGULAR MEETING OF THE Grafton School Board it was ordered that bids be received up to JULY THIRTY-FIRST for painting said Schoolhouse, the contract to be awarded to the lowest responsible bidder. The Board reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

Dated, Knights Landing, July 21st, 1879.
jy24w3t M. P. SHANNON, Clerk.

VALUABLE TOWN PROPERTY FOR SALE!

That Eligibly Located and Desirable Town Property situated at the Southeast Corner of **Oak Avenue and Cypress St.,** *Containing Five Acres of Land,* Is offered for sale by the owner, together with the **COMMODIOUS RESIDENCE** thereon. This fine property will be sold either as a whole or in part if applied for soon. For particulars apply to
GEO. D. FISKE,
jy23dw Postoffice Building, Woodland.

MISS M. LOUISE HYATT,

Late Principal of the Department of Music in Vacaville College, Vacaville,
WILL TAKE A FEW PUPILS IN
VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC
AT FIVE DOLLARS PER MONTH EACH,
AT HER ROOMS IN WINTERS,
YOLO COUNTY.

References: Rev. H. C. COULTON, L. MOODY, P. M., T. HART HYATT, } *Winters,* C. W. BUSH, *Bank of Woodland.*
je29dw1m

OLD PAPERS FOR SALE AT THIS office; price according to size—from 25 cts. to 50 cts per hundred; still less by the thousand. jy8

The Yolo Democrat

Thursday, August 7th, 1879.

GEO. M. MOTT is the authorized agent of this paper in Sacramento for soliciting advertisements and subscriptions, collecting bills, etc.

Every letter or communication to the DEMOCRAT *should bear the name of the author, not necessarily for publication, but as a guaranty of good faith.*

Town and County Matters

Better From Cacheville.

CACHEVILLE, August 1, 1879.

EDITOR DEMOCRAT:—Our little burg, small as it is, now presents a lively and business like appearance. Harvest is at high tide, and if you could just look upon our streets on Sunday, you would not hesitate in pronouncing Cacheville the liveliest village in the State. Threshers gather in large numbers, and owing to the laxity of our municipal government, neither the moral nor the civil code is observed to any great extent. Business is on the increase, and with the advancement of harvest we look for continued improvement.

Last night (Friday) the ladies of the M. E. Church gave a festival for the benefit of our worthy parson. Of course it could not fail of success, both socially and financially, as those ladies always succeed in every undertaking, and on this occasion their efforts reflected unusual merit. Your correspondent dropped in unconsciously on the festive scene and a thunderbolt from heaven could not have struck deeper consternation to his bewildered senses. I was for a time paralyzed; indeed, my restoration was wholy attributable to the restorative proprieties of a well proportioned "cordial." I was pleased to see our much esteemed Supervisor, with his face wreathed in smiles, supervising the manufacture of ice cream and lemonade. He didn't seem to be troubled with any political dream and didn't care whether he should ever occupy the exalted position of Justice of the Peace, so long as the youth and beauty (of which there was an abundance) of the evening were made happy. The affair was highly enjoyed by all, and the proceeds, I presume, were as much as anticipated.

John L. Pace, our well known and highly esteemed landlord, is about to dispose of his hotel business here and remove to Sacramento. I understand that John Reed, who is well known in this community as a landlord, is to take charge of the business now under the management of Mr. Pace. X

Who is to Blame?

EDITOR DEMOCRAT:—The editor of the *Republican* seems to think he has made a point against Dr. Glenn and the Democratic party on the Chinese question. Hear what he says in his little sprigtail issue of July 31st: "The fact that Dr. Glenn always has and still does employ Chinese, and in large numbers, cannot be successfully disputed. The Democratic candidates in this county, by the endorsement and support of Glenn, countenance the employment of Chinese to the detriment of white laborers, who are only too anxious to obtain employment." So far as the employment of Chinese is concerned by this, that or the other party makes but little difference, since John is already here, for he is sure to find employment, if not by one man he will by another. The evil can only be remedied by the restriction of the further immigration of Chinese to this country. Now sir, which party is it that favors such restriction? The Republican party? No sir; that party opposes it. We all know that a Democratic Congress passed a bill through both Houses prohibiting Chinamen from coming to this country in large numbers. A Republican President vetoed the bill, and now these Republicans have the impudence to raise the Chinese question. Better go slow. F.

Will Vote For Perkins.

Judge Oneal, of Davisville, is not the only life long Democrat who is going to vote for Perkins rather than Glenn.—*Yolo Mail.*

This is rather a presumptuous assertion for an erudite editor to make, if on his own responsibility; and a very mendacious one if imparted to him by the gentleman who gave him similar information in regard to many Democrats in different counties. I conversed with the gentleman whom the publisher of the *Mail* cites as the author of a diminutive article following the above empty encouragement to Mr. Perkins, and expressed neither to him nor to any one else any intention of discarding Glenn at the coming election. On the contrary, I propose giving him my adherence, and would urge upon every Democrat the necessity of doing likewise, as the coming struggle is one of more than ordinary importance. That there are many wavering ones in the ranks, is a fact beyond dispute—men who have made the fervency of their Democracy a public boast, and who, it is hoped, will yet recover from their momentary stampede, drift back into the traces and lend their needed assistance in landing our State and county nominees high upon the shoals of success. JAMES ONEAL.

Davisville, Aug. 1, 1879.

Another Lie Nailed.

EDITOR DEMOCRAT:—The *Daily Republican* of Saturday has the following:

"There is not a schoolhouse within twenty miles of the residence of Mandarin Glenn."

In answer to this falsehood, I desire to say that I know of four schoolhouses within the distance named, and there may be others. One is within five miles of his door. The schoolhouse at Willows, one of the finest school buildings in Northern California, is less than twelve miles from his home. Of course the educational institutions within a given distance of the home of Dr. Glenn (I assume that the *Republican* refers to the Doctor) has no bearing on his qualifications for Governor, and I only publish these facts to show how hard pressed his enemies are for arguments against him, and how little regard they pay to the truth in trying to manufacture public opinion.

SAM MONTGOMERY.

Woodland Aug. 3, 1879.

New Banner.

The New Constitutionists have suspended a banner across Main street near the Craft Hotel. In the center is painted a large steamboat, and on the left are the words, "Perkins' Line for Salt River and a Market." The steamer is named "Old Constitution," G. C. Perkins, Master. On the right it reads—"Will Leave Headquarters C. P. R. R. Thursday, Sept. 4th. For Freight or Passage apply at Perkins' Club Rooms, Woodland." The design is very significant, and we would advise the friends of George C. to apply for passage without delay, as the rush after the evening of the third will in all probability be so great as to render it difficult to secure tickets.

List of Unclaimed Letters

Remaining in the Postoffice at Woodland Yolo Co., Cal., Aug. 4th, 1879.

Arnett, Thos	Henley, H H
Allen, Albert	Kirkmay, Jane—2
Berry, Mrs	Dutch, John
Benson, Elias	Landis & Goodkind
Burnett, A J	Murry, Alexander—2
Childs, T F	Murray, John
Denison, M L	Patsy, Mrs L
Dekay, Henry	Putman, Madison
Easton, D W—3	Patty, Jon M
Fiterbury, Owen	Robinson, J W—Rst
Goode, D B	Ricketson, Wm H
Grose, Adolph	Riley, Jas
Greg, Brad	Wiley, E T
Gredy, Martin	White, W H

Persons calling for the above letters will please say "advertised."

L. WALKER, P.M.

History of the Churches of Yolo County.

By Col. F. T. Gilbert, Historian for DePue & Co.

CACHEVILLE M. E. CHURCH.

A Methodist Class was formed in Cacheville in 1856 and that village became one of the points within the "Cacheville Circuit." The traveling preacher made it his home there, the parsonage being at that place. It was afterwards sold by Rev. J. S. Corwin for two hundred dollars, and the proceeds applied in the erection of the Woodland parsonage. When these two organizations became independent of each other in 1871, at the time of the withdrawal of the Woodland Church from the circuit, the latter paid back to the Cacheville organization one-half of the amount the old building had been sold for. The first pastor after the Church became separate from the Woodland circuit, was J. B. Hartsough, in 1871. The successive pastors to this date have been R. B. Schofield, J. M. Hinman, R. W. Williamson, Elijah Kendall, B. F. Rhoades and H. J. Bland.

At the organization in 1856 the officers elected were James W. Thatcher, John Fisher, A. C. Ruggles and Simon Ruggles, Stewards; at present those officiating in that capacity are A. Griffith, J. H. Murphy and J. P. March.

In 1867 a Church building was erected in Cacheville at a cost of about $1,800; at present their entire property is estimated at $2,000. There are thirty-six members in the organization, and they have a Sunday School with about sixty scholars, A. Griffith being the Superintendent.

PLAINFIELD CLASS.

A Methodist Class was formed at Plainfield December 20th, 1877, by D. L. Stewart, a local preacher. There were fourteen members, and services were held in the Plainfield Schoolhouse until within a year, when owing to the difficulty in procuring a preacher for so small a congregation the class was discontinued, and in its place a Presbyterian church was organized July 13th, 1879.

We have as yet no report from the Madison church.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH OF YOLO COUNTY.

According to the best authority at our command, there were in 1862 in the United States 2,555 Congregational Churches, and 255,034 members, to whom preached 2,678 ministers of that denomination, and in 1872, ten years later, the number had increased to 3,202 churches, with a membership of 312,054, the ministers numbering 3,124.

Congregationalism originated in New England and flourishes principally in the Northeastern States. The first congregation of the order to organize in Yolo county was on the 3rd of September, 1865, and the name they assumed was the "Cache Creek Congregational Church." They erected a building for worship about two miles south of what is now known as Madison, close to where the railroad passes, dedicating the same in September of that year. Their first services had been held in the early part of the preceding June, in Cacheville, by Rev. Tyler Thacher, who became the first pastor of that Church. He was a man advanced in life, and after four years of faithful and zealous labor, passed over the silent river. Upon the tombstone that marks his resting place, close by the Church he had helped to build, is inscribed the following, that can be truthfully said of not one other minister in California:

"He loved, studied, preached and exemplified the Bible, reading it in nine different languages, both ancient and modern; was pre-eminently a man of prayer."

The organization has almost ceased to exist, yet his widow still lives close by the place where they buried her dead, awaiting the summons from the dark angel to join in "the sweet bye and bye," the lost companion who is awaiting her on the other shore.

In the start there were nine members, and two afterwards joined, making eleven, the highest number that belonged to the order.

S. B. Holton was their first Deacon and Clerk—Enoch Drew, Thomas Wiley and S. B. Holton being the Trustees. Revs. J. W Brier and J. T. Baldwin succeeded Mr. Thatcher, who died in 1869. The building they erected cost $1,800 and the property is now worth, perhaps, $300, Mrs. Tyler Thacher, the only remaining member of the Church, being its custodian.

THE FIRST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH OF WOODLAND.

The first Congregational service in Woodland was by Rev. J. H. Warren, at a private house in 1860. After him came Rev.—— Croswell and J. W. Brier, who preached each for a short time, previous to the organization of the church; that occurred on the 22nd of June, 1870, there being thirteen persons—six males and seven females—who constituted the original organization. Of these S. P. Pond and S. M. Hopkins were Deacons, J. F. Mackey being the Clerk, and Rev. S. R. Rosboro the Presiding Elder. Services were held in Central Hall until 1874, when the denomination erected a Church building on First Street, Woodland, at a cost, including lot, of $3,600. Rev. Rosboro was succeeded in 1874 by J. A. Banfield, who remained three years, and was succeeded in turn by J. Lanman, who remained until the close of 1877, when Theophilus Beaizley, the present Pastor took charge. The officers in 1879 are S. P Pond, E. L. Little and C. Ruddock, Deacons; C. L. Beach, S. P. Pond, T. Dexter, A. Jackson and N. M. Merritt, Trustees; James Y. Dillon, Clerk. The membership at present is thirty-eight, and they have had no greater number at any one time. The Sunday School connected with the denomination is reported to have 130 scholars, with E. C. Gilbert for Superintendent.

SEVENTH-DAY ADVENTISTS.

William Miller, whose teachings commenced in 1833, and who lived before the establishment of the "Seventh Day Adventist Church," was born in Pittsfield, Mass., in 1781. He was a captain of volunteers during the war of 1812, and as a biblical scholar ranked high. In his studyings of the prophesies he came to believe that they revealed the day on which Christ would make his second appearance on the earth. At one time he had as many as 50,000 followers, but when the event foretold did not occur on the day designated, in 1844, there was an end of Millerism; but immediately after it sprung into life the order known as the Seventh Day Adventist Church, its existence being due to the belief of its members that Miller correctly interpreted the Bible as to time, but mistook the event.

They think there is something foretold that was to transpire and that it did occur on the day that Miller had named. That the something was not what is popularly known as the end of the world, "the second coming of Christ," but that it was the day on which the last epoch was to begin; the short space blocked out of the last end of time, in which Christ is to make preparation for his second coming, the length of which is not revealed in the Bible; yet they believe that there will be but little time occupied in this preparation and that the end of time is in the near future. When it does come they expect the appearance of Christ, and that then the living wicked will meet death, and all the followers of sin will remain dead for one thousand years, when they will be resurrected from their rest and be destroyed. During that thousand years while the wicked sleep the righteous are to dwell with Christ, while the world is being purified, after which the just are to occupy it.

The seventh-day portion of their creed comes from the biblical record that God rested after He had finished, instead of before He had commenced the world's creation, consequently that man should follow the example and rest at the end instead of the beginning of the seven days which constitute a week. This seventh-day clause of their creed was first taught by Mrs. Rachel D. Preston, of New York, who moving to Washington, N. H., joined the Advent Church at that place. She convinced the congregation that they were keeping the wrong day; consequently they changed from Sunday to Saturday, and became the first Advent Church to introduce the change that has given the order its name. This was in 1844.

In California the doctrines of the order were first preached in San Francisco in about the year 1868 by Elders J. N. Loughborough and D. T. Bordeau, their first preaching in Yolo Co. was at Woodland in the autumn of 1872 by Elder M. E. Cornell, in a tent, and the Woodland organization dates its commencement from that time. In 1873 they erected a church building in Woodland on 3d St., between Main street and Lincoln avenue, at a cost of not far from $3,000. Their first officers were W. W. Smith and Wm. Saunders, Elders. The Trustees now are Nathan Grayson, D. B. Guile, Wm. Fowler, Wm Saunders and G. C. Martin—the latter being the President, with D. B. Guile for Secretary.

Congregations of this order have no regular preacher, as there are more congregations than preachers; consequently ministers are forced to occupy different pulpits—distributing their work where it is most needed, and often using a large tent to preach in. The ministers that have from time to time preached in Woodland have been as follows:—first, Elder M. E. Cornell, followed in succession by J. N. Loughborough, M. G. Kellogg, J. H. Waggoner, D. M. Canright, James White, Mrs. E. G. White, G. I. Butler I. D. Van Horn, Uriah Smith, W. M. Healey, B. A. Stephens, W. C. Grainger and S. N. Haskell.

They have at present 63 member; th number belonging is some less than the greatest number at any one time in the past, the decrease being due to the removal of its members out of this county, many having joined that are no longer residents of this county. They have a Sabbath School of 68 scholars, with J. G. Overshiner for Superintendent.

In 1877 they had 190 ministers, 450 churches and 11,000 members. This has been considerably increased in 1879. The Seventh-Day Adventists publish an eight-page paper at Oakland called the *Signs of the Times*, with a weekly circulation of nearly ten thousand copies.

There are published at Battle Creek, Mich., the headquarters of the denomination, 2 weeklies, 6 monthlies, and 2 quarterlies, with an aggregate circulation of 71,000 copies. There are also several papers issued in Europe, a publishing house in Basle, Switzerland, and the other at Christiana, Norway.

At Battle Creek, Michigan, is located their denominational college and a sanitarium of great repute. The college is capable of accommodating about 500 students, and in the fall and winter terms is usually crowded. The sanitarium is 150x90 feet, five stories high, having patients from all parts of the country. Connected with the college is a medical department, or hygienic school, conducted by J. H. Kellogg, M. D., physician-in-chief of the sanitarum. They have no settled pastors, but their ministers go with tents in the summer and use halls and meeting houses in the winter in which to present their views. When companies embrace their views they organize them, ordain local Elders and enter new fields. This present season, 1879, they have upwards of 100 tents in the field, embracing those in England, Norway and Denmark. These vary in size from 60 feet in diameter to 80x125 feet.

In Alexandria, Egypt, they have a successful school, where the languages of the oldest nations are taught, and men from that city carry these views to Russia, Greece, Turkey and those of the Arabic tongue. They also have successful missions in Italy, England, Switzerland and Prussia, and from these points publications are sent to every nation in the old world, including the islands of the Mediterranean Sea.

The Sack "Corner."

A pool has been formed by several merchants in San Francisco for the purchase of grain sacks, and so well have they managed the matter that scarcely a single sack remains in the hands of the commission merchants. The only extensive consignment now on the way to this coast is one of 2,500,000 on the way from Calcutta, and it, too, is in the hands of the ring. The number held by the "corner" is about 15,000,000, which they will probably sell at 12 cents, and thereby make a profit of $600,000.

Annual Conference.

The annual conference and camp meeting of the religious denomination known as the Church of God will be held in a grove near the Willow Slough School House, 1½ miles south of the Kirkham bridge, commencing on Wednesday, August 13th, and continuing over the following Sunday. Elder Corbally and other good speakers will preach to the people. A cordial invitation is extended to all to attend these meetings, and provision will be made for those attending from a distance.

LOCAL BREVITIES.

The Public Schools of Woodland will open on the 18th of this month.

Keep cool by drinking Arctic Soda at Elston's Drug Store.

A good job was done by Mr. Goin the other day by graveling on each side of the crosswalk near the Gasworks.

Matters around the Court House are remarkably quiet just now and nothing is being done in the Police Court.

Hon. J. M. Dudley, Republican nominee for Joint Senator of Yolo and Solano, came on the noon train to Woodland.

The Republican county candidates started yesterday on their canvass of the county. They speak at Merritt's to-night.

An excursion train will be run from Woodland to Sacramento Friday night, when Hon. Newton Booth is announced to speak.

Jude McClurg, who was recently so seriously hurt by being thrown from his wagon, was on the street Tuesday, apparently recovered.

The Town authorities are doing themselves credit and saving money to the tax-payers by having Main street sprinkled its whole length.

A Chinaman in Winters was fined $25 the other day for whipping his wife, and the *Republican* wonders how much he paid for her in the first place.

Sheep shearing has commenced in several parts of the county. We are informed the clip will be an average yield and that sheep are in good condition.

Found—last Sunday on the road to the place of baptising, a lady's parasol, which the owner can have by calling on Alexander Arm strong, and paying for this notice.

The following named persons were on Tuesday made voters by naturalization: Paul J. Beck, Aaron Beck, George Roth, John Butz, Christian Shmidt, and Wm. M. Gunn.

We would advise our lady readers to call at the White House and examine those latest style San Francisco dress paterns. They are something new and cannot fail to be admired.

Those whose names do not appear on the Great Register, and who desire to vote at the next election, should see to the matter at once, as registration will close on the 15th of this month.

The Fall Term of Hesperian College begins August 18th. The prospects of this institution were never better than at the present time, and the very best inducements are offered to those desiring a good collegiate education. By reference to our advertising columns it will be seen that the Faculty is composed of none but well known and efficient educators.

Says the Willows *Journal*: The cold (?) north wind has been coursing down upon us from Shasta's snow-capped peak for a day or two, and consequently the mercury indicated only 113 degrees.

The Republicans have changed their programme and Booth will not speak in Sacramento Friday night as announced. Consequently there will be no excursion from Woodland till the 22nd.

If there is any one man who thoroughly understands the inner workings of the Republican party, that man is George C. Gorham. "When rogues fall out, just men get their dues"—and that's what troubles the Republican party at this time.

Hon. W. B. C. Brown and other eminent speakers will address the people of Woodland on the political issues of the day, on Monday evening August 11th. Mr. Brown is an able and eloquent speaker, and all who can do so should be on hand to hear him.

Complaint has been made to us by different parties that the Cache Creek bridge near Cacheville is in a dangerous condition. The matter should be attended to by those having charge of that District before an accident occurs, which is liable to take place at any time.

On Saturday last just after a gravel train had passed over the spot near Benicia known as "the bottomless pit," over three hundred feet of the road sank bodily to a depth of fifty feet. This spot has caused the company great expense already, and it is now thought it can never be made safe to travel over.

We are indebted to Hon. J. K. Luttrell for a number of pamphlets containing his speech delivered in the House of Representatives on the Congressional Injustice to the Commercial Interests of the Pacific Coast. Any one desiring a copy can be supplied, free of charge, by calling at this office.

Our people may well congratulate themselves on the favorable change of the weather. A fall of the mercury from 110 to 90 is a vast change in temperature, and we could not ask for more delightful weather than we now have. That it may continue thus is the united prayer of the whole community.

If you are not called upon to serve your country in a public capacity, you may be sure that you are not wanted just yet. But do not despare; don't get sore-headed, don't commit suicide, your country may yet want your valuable services.—*Santa Anna Times*

Don't fear for us, brother Purcell; in the bright Lexicon of Webster there is no such word as "despare."

"One thousand two hundred men like Glenn would monopolize all the arable land in the State," says the *Republican*. 1,200! Why, half that number of papers like the *Republican* would monopolize all the *intelligence* in the State. Strange that people can see the faults of others so much plainer than those of themselves.

The largest day's threshing we have yet learned of was done a few days ago by G. W. Hoag, near St. Johns, Colusa county, the amount threshed being 2,748 sacks, weighing 135 pounds to the sack. The separator was a Mammoth Gold Medal, 44-inch cylinder, and the engine a Gaar, Scott & Co., 25-horse power, straw burner. The work was done between sunrise and sunset.

We publish to-day two letters, each one refuting a campaign falsehood, manufactured with a view to create an unfavorable opinion respecting the Democratic nominee for Governor. Coming from such ignoble sources these lies can scarcely be regarded as demanding a refutation, more than to let the people know to what extremes the opposition is forced to make a defense of their Pinafore candidate.

C. E. Pinkham and family returned home Wednesday night from an extended camping trip in the mountains of Napa and Sonoma counties. The party had a pleasant journey, and the doctor says he feels like a new man. During their absence lady friends had gained admission to their rooms in the bank building and decorated them with flowers and evergreens in a profuse manner, giving them a pleasant surprise on their return.

The *S. F. Wasp* gives us a cartoon which shows a correct appreciation of the political situation. It takes advantage of the walking mania, now affecting so many, to represent Glenn, Perkins and White as speeding along the track for the prize, which is held up in the distance and labeled the "Governor's Belt." In the interesting race Glenn is well ahead, sailor-boy Perkins puffing away behind him and White a long way behind both.

Our statement in regard to the fire in Madison Saturday night was correct, excepting that the insurance on the house and furniture was $1100 and the loss about $1,500. The fire is supposed to have been caused by the explosion of a coal oil lamp, which was left burning in the house. Several other buildings caught fire from the flames, and had it not been that the town was full of people at the time, it is more than probable that great damage would have resulted.

If parties coming to the city will persist in falling into the numerous dens calling themselves by different "Uncles," and find after purchasing that they are swindled, it is their own fault. Take the little trouble to see Uncle Harris, name painted on the window of his store. Go first and see him, get his guarantee (written), and you will find that you have bought any article for half store prices. Remember the number, 221 Kearny Street, between Bush and Sutter, San Francisco.

If it is really so, that Barney made the assersion that he was under no obligation to the Republican party for the three terms of office to which he was elected, then it is pertinent to ask to whom is he obligated? To his friends whom it is alleged he betrayed, who sought him, Cincinatus like, at the plow, and urged his acceptance over his declension on the ground of incapability, or to the men who worked and voted against him? Will some one enlighten us?

As J. G. Eastman ascended the stand last Wednesday night he was greeted by applause—everybody expecting a telling outburst. At the close of the cheering the stentorian bray of a long eared mule, stationed in the neighborhood, came floating on the breeze in all its grating coarseness, and so opportune was the incident that the whole assemblage joined in a general good laugh. The speaker tried to palm it off as a Glenn speech, but it was pure animal instinct that led that mule to recognize his brotherhood.

The other day a prominent candidate, who is also a leading member of the Good Templars, met with a good opportunity, as he thought, to make an impression, and invited about a dozen gentlemen to the bar in one of our out-of-the-way drinking places. After the drinks were taken and the candidate had left a straw vote was taken, when it was found that the dutiful nominee didn't have a single vote in the house. The boys enjoyed the fun, but ye candidate was ignorant of the mistake he had made.

The Republican speaking last night was attended by a goodly number of town people of all classes, but the speeches were far inferior to what everybody had expected to hear. Mr. Day is a very wearisome talker, while the eloquence of Mr. Eastman failed to create enthusiasm. The arguments were "powerful weak," and had it not been for the good music discoursed by the Ellis Band the auditors could scarcely have been held through the evening.

The situation of the wheat market is very aptly illustrated by a cartoon in the N. Y. *Illustrated Times* of August 2d. Johnny Bull has lost much of his usual pomposity and is represented as kneeling on the brink of the sea holding out a bag of gold to Uncle Sam, who is sitting on a heap of flour and grain sacks, his face wreathed in that dogmatic smile so peculiar to the old man. Heretofore our grain crop has cut but little figure in the Liverpool market, but the failure of the Eastern crops is making it necessary to look to America for supplies, and we may look for good prices in consequence.

Chew Jackson's Best Sweet Navy Tobacco.

The N. C. P. held a meeting last evening and took steps to organize a Club.

Elder Stephens, Seventh-Day Adventist, baptized eight persons on Sunday, four men and four women.

The thanks of this office are due to Mr. P. W. Fisher, who resides near Cacheville, for a lot of excellent peaches.

Camp meeting of the Methodist Episcopal denomination will be held near Madison, commencing on the 22d inst.

The bogus Tom Lawton in Lewiston jail proves to be James Newville, alias William Culpepper, an old Redwood city offender.

The Lake and Napa papers say that camping parties from adjoining counties are becoming quite numerous and the weat her is very agreeable.

The house of Mr. Lower in Madison burned down last week while the family were absent. Cause junknown. Loss about $1,200. Building insured for $800.

A hammer in the hands of a mechanic might do good service in driving down nails which are sticking up on many of the plank sidewalks of this city.

Anybody who buys, sells, or has in his possession, between the first of August and the 15th of September, any fresh salmon, is guilty of a misdemeanor.

The ladies of Cacheville gave a Church festival last Friday night, which was an enjoyable affair in every particular. The receipts of the evening were about $60.

In the last three or four days there has been a reaction in the wheat market, but we are told by men who ought to know that there is every probability for an early rise.

The sidewalk and awning in front of the Palace Restaurant and other places in that vicinity is now completed (except painting), and adds greatly to the appearance of those buildings.

The National Gold Medal was awarded to Bradley & Rulofson for the best photographs in the United States, and the Vienna medal for the best in the world, 429 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

It has finally been ascertained that Capt Kid Perkins is not a monopolist. He only owns a few skiffs and mud-scows that ply between San Francisco and Oregon. His whole line is not worth over $15,000,000.

A man named Meyer met with an accident yesterday morning while working with a threshing machine near Madison. We were unable to get the particulars, but we understand his injuries are not of a serious nature.

If the editor of the *Mail* were as energetic to serve the interests of the party he pretends to advocate as he is ambitious in trying to misrepresent the *Democrat*, he would occupy a much higher standing in the estimation of his own friends.

On Friday Sheriff Cunningham of Stockton passed through Woodland having in custody George Cruthers whom he had captured at Williams, and who had escaped the officers of Stockton some time since while under arrest for attempted murder.

Capay was exceedingly lively last Saturday and we understand the town was completely overrun with candidates and politicians. The nomination of a Supervisor for the Fifth District was the object of attraction and created considerable interest.

The Presbyterian Sunday School excursion will take place September 6th. Excursion cars will be attached to the regular morning train, and it is proposed to take excursionists from Woodland, Davisville, Elmira, Vacaville, Winters and Suisun, as well as Dixon.

Yesterday morning we saw a gentleman with a microscope in one hand and a biographical dictionary in the other, looking for the daily *Republican*. He says if that paper ever slanders him and he finds it out, he'll announce his name for City Marshal at once.

It is a most singular geological phenomenon that the mercury never—that is, hardly ever—gets above 100 degrees in Sacramento, according to the press, while here in Woodland it climbs to 110 very frequently. The Capital press is run by cool-headed editors we presume.

The Marin County Tocsin is the name of a paper just started at San Rafael, Marin county, the fourth number of which we have received. It is Democratic in principle, and makes a very handsome appearance typographically, while its columns exhibit ability and energy.

The *Republican* says Barney is making a purely personal fight for the office of Sheriff. Why, most assuredly he is. What else can he do after placing himself in open opposition to the party that nominated him by joining the Republican Club? He is looking out for Barney, and don't you forget it.

From the inordinate bustle made in Republican circles in getting up their little daily, we expected to see a sort of tornado, comprising logic, wit, and wisdom, propelled by an irresistable wind force; but so far we have seen nothing but the wind—of a very mild nature at that. Why don't you take something, Delong—take a *walk*.

We were not aware that the editor of the Sacramento *Bee* had been engaged to applaud Jim Eastman in his speech at this place the other night, else we should not have accredited that prelude to the bray of a jack. But as he says it was the "laugh of some appreciative editor," it must have been either himself or his fraternal brother of the *Republican*.

Last Saturday afternoon R. W. Reagan, of Oakland, died suddenly from the effects of injuries received a few days before by being thrown from his carriage. It will be remembered that Mr. Reagan was the gentleman through whom many citizens of Woodland obtained Arizona mining shares two or three years ago, which created so much excitement at that time.

It is a very affecting scene to see a group of old politicians, of all views, lay aside their political prejudices for the time being, and gather around a huge watermelon which some kind hearted candidate has purchased. We witnessed such a spectacle yesterday morning in front of Charmak & Levy's, and our tenderest emotions were stirred. We turned away in grief.

Says the Solano *Times*: Mr. J H. Harlan, the Democratic, W. P. C., and N. C. Candidate for Joint Senator from Solano and Yolo was in Vallejo yesterday, and called at the *Times* office. Mr. Harlan lives near Woodland and is very popular in Yolo County, and all who have met him in Solano are highly pleased with him. Mr. Harlan's election is conceded by all fair-minded men.

To the Ladies of Yolo county: Having just returned from San Francisco I have obtained the latest designs in Ladies' Dressmaking and have made arrangements to be regularly furnished with every change of the European and Eastern styles. Satisfactory work guaranteed and a saving of several yards of Dress goods by improved methods of cutting, by MISS ESTHER MOSES. San Francisco Dressmaker, at the White House.

In his speech the other night, J. G. Eastman said that for pretty ladies, fat men, prosperous buisiness houses and a good brass band, Woodland was ahead of any other interior town in the State; upon which the ladies smiled perceptibly, and John Jacobs, thinking the "fat man" compliment was meant for him, beat on the bass drum, and that was about all the applause the speaker received during his speech.

The *Mail* copies an item from the Vallejo *Chronicle*, stating that a terrible explosion occurred last Saturday near Allendale between Winters and Madison, which blew the engineer into fragments and killed six men! We presume that if that editor should read in some foreign paper that Woodland had been swept away by a terrible tornado the miserable dupe would gulp it down—"hoping that the report had been exaggerated."

The Chinaman Ah Fook has been acquitted.

D. M. Burns returned home Tuesday night.

The Sacramento river has receded to the 7 foot 9 inch mark, and is still falling.

On Wednesday last the residence of James Reed, in Washington, was robbed of $50.

The Tom Lawton under arrest at Lewiston, Idaho, is strongly suspected of being a fraud.

Camelline, and all Cuticura Preparations at Elston's Drug Store.

J. W. Boub offers for sale 160 acres of hill land, three miles south west of Blacks Station.

J. H. Murphy was in town Friday trying to explain his connection with the Chinese in Cacheville.

Don't fail to read the new advertisement of M. Michaels & Co. They are pushing trade at a lively rate and no mistake.

Benoit & Bro. have hung a large and well executed sign in front of their place of business, next to the postoffice.

Just try one of Corb. Barr's Pineapple Cocktails—the best in town.

Perkins and Booth will speak in Woodland on the 15th inst. The Sacramento *Bee* says there is talk of an excursion from that city to this place on that occasion.

Now that farmers are engaged in hauling off their wheat to market, the roads are being cut up and the dust reminds us that summer, with all its disagreeable phases is at its zenith.

Mollie McCarty, the California favorite, has broken down under training at Saratoga, the telegraph informs us, and will now be withdrawn from the turf and become a brood mare.

The New Constitutionists of the Fifth Supervisors District met at Capay Saturday and nominated G. M. Dameron for Supervisor. The Democrats don't want any better nomination than this.

It has been frequently stated that there were no voters belonging to the Perkins Club of this city. This is a mistake. There are as many as half-a-dozen voters belonging to it, to our certain knowledge.

The whole number of assessments in Yolo county this year is 2080; the whole amount of road and poll tax collected is $8,976. This shows that the Assessor and his deputies have not been idle by any means.

The party consisting of Messrs. Fredericks, J. D. Stephens and Craig, who went to Big Meadows a few weeks ago, have returned. They report having bagged lots of game, and enjoyed a good time generally.

Mr. J. B. Stofel has made a very handsome walking cane in a novel manner, which he intends to raffle off to enable him to raise funds with which to go to the mountains, in the hope of benefitting his health.

The little seven-by-nine campaign sheet says: "Republicans very generally do pay their wash bills;" but it neglects to add that they in many instances pay them to Chinamen! Why not tell the whole truth?

Last Friday was unquestionably the warmest day of the season. In the DEMOCRAT office the thermometer indicated 112 degrees at 5 o'clock. The mercury reached 110 in several places in town. It has since moderated.

John Soles, the man who engaged a horse and buggy of Pockman & O'Connor last Thursday for the purpose of theft, was captured yesterday evening at Boonville, Mendocino county. He still had the property in his possession.

Thursday evening some boys started to swim across the Sacramento river from the Washington side, and when about midway one of them became exhausted, and had it not been for timely assistance he would have drowned.

Morton McGriff, who lives on the river just below the Landing, has shown us eight potatoes of the Victor variety, weighing 10 pounds, that were grown from one eye of a potato. Who will dare to ridicule the Murphy movement in Yolo?

Last Friday, while a thresher was at work on the place of Jno. Shurley, west of here, the stubble caught on fire from the engine, and the wind blowing quite a gale, it was with the greatest effort that a damaging conflagration was averted.

The DAILY DEMOCRAT will be furnished to new subscribers through the postoffice for the campaign—to and including Sept. 5th, two days after the election, and covering over four weeks—to any postoffice in the county, for 50 cents in advance. The Weekly edition will be sent to new subscribers, to and including Sept. 9th, for 30 cents in advance.

BORN.

In Woodland, Aug. 1st, to the wife of James Baird, a son.

REPUBLICANS AND DEMOCRATS!

NEW & OLD CONSTITUTIONISTS,

BOTH FEMALES AND MALES!

This is no Party matter, nor a Dissolution of Partnership, for the firm of M. MICHAELS & CO.,

—OF THE—

GREAT WESTERN

BANKRUPT STORE,

Opposite the Postoffice, Woodland,

Will not be dissolved on account of our good health; but as one of the firm is about to join in the

Holy Bonds of Matrimony,

MONEY is what we want: and for these reasons we will make

A Sweeping Reduction

FROM FORMER PRICES

ON ALL OUR GOODS!

We are Receiving from Auction Every Week:

DRY GOODS,

FANCY GOODS,

CLOTHING,

BOOTS, SHOES,

ETC., ETC.,

At such Prices that we Defy Competition!

NOTICE!

This sweeping reduction of Prices is for TWENTY-SEVEN DAYS ONLY, as it is but temporary. Cash is what we want and must have. During this sale we still keep our Rules, viz.—

Fair Dealing,
One Price,
No Misrepresenting Goods,
And For Cash Only.

All we ask of you is to come and price our Goods and judge for yourselves.

THE GREAT WESTERN

BANKRUPT STORE,

OPP. POSTOFFICE, WOODLAND.

jy31dw **M. MICHAELS & CO.**

Democrats And Republicans!

OLD & NEW CONSTITUTIONISTS,

BOTH MALES AND FEMALES!

This is no Party matter,

—BUT A—

Dissolution of Partnership!

THE FIRM OF

GOSLINER & CO.,

—OF THE—

GREAT

San Francisco

Auction Store!

Will be dissolved on account of the ill health of one of the firm; therefore we will from this date offer

AT A GREAT SACRIFICE,

OUR IMMENSE STOCK OF

DRY GOODS,

FANCY GOODS,

Boots & Shoes,

CLOTHING,

NOTIONS,

And Everything appertaining to a First-Class Store, at a Great Reduction,

FOR CASH ONLY!

Therefore you should take advantage of the same, as it is BUT TEMPORARY. Cash is what we want and must have. Our goods will be sold for Cash only.

NOTICE.

☞ We take this opportunity of respectfully informing all persons who are indebted to the GREAT SAN FRANCISCO AUCTION STORE, next door to the Bank of Woodland, that they are requested to call and settle their accounts immediately, as we will, for the short period the firm of GOSLINER & CO. will remain in existence, sell cheap for cash only.

It would be impossible for us to enumerate our thousands of articles with prices attached to them. All we ask is that you will call at

The San Francisco

AUCTION STORE

And Judge for Yourselves!

REMEMBER THE PLACE:

The Great San Francisco Auction Store,

NEXT DOOR TO BANK OF WOODLAND

jy31dw GOSLINER & CO.

The Yolo Democrat.

WOODLAND, YOLO CO., CAL.,

THURSDAY, AUGUST 7, 1879.

"Years Ago."

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

Near the banks of that lone river,
Where the water-lilies grow,
Breathed the fairest flower that ever
Bloomed, and faded years ago.

How we met, and how we parted,
None on earth can ever know;
Nor how pure and gentle-hearted
Beamed the mourned one years ago.

Like the stream with lilies laden
Will life's future current flow,
Till in heaven I meet the maiden
Fondly cherished years ago.

Hearts that love like mine, forget not—
They're the same, in weal or woe;
And the star of memory sets not
In the grave of years ago.

The Forbidden Tea-Party.

Mrs. Howe was far from what the world would call a beauty. She was tall and slight, with a decided stoop in her shoulders. Her hands were very thin, and her fingers long and tapering. She had a low, sweet voice, and a sad, mournful face, in reference to which I once startled my little sisters by remarking that it was "shaped just like a coffin."

Mrs. Howe, although she seemed so grand and beautiful to me, was a very poor and humble woman. Sometimes, in emergencies, she washed and cleaned house at the parsonage; and she watched with us when we had the measles; all of which services seemed to me a triumph of condescension on her part.

We had recently moved to the town, and of all the kind people who gathered to welcome us to the parsonage, she, sitting apart from the rest, was my favorite. I took a seat on a cricket at her feet, held her hand, and played with her one plain gold ring. I did not want to change my lovely mother for Mrs. Howe, but I remember distinctly wishing that little girls could have two real mothers, so that I could keep her always.

My passion for Mrs. Howe soon became a subject for family sport, and often I had a double share of some luxury given me, with a smile and a hint that I could carry part of it to "pretty Mrs. Howe."

This excellent, and to me, beautiful woman, had three little girls who were not particularly attractive, and whom my mother never invited to the parsonage. I was forbidden to stop at their house going to or returning from school, and when I asked "Why?" the only answer I ever received, was,—

"Mrs. Howe has children enough of her own to look after."

As I remember it, hers must have been a very poor home for an American family. It reminded me—and that gave it a great charm then—of our keeping house in the stable on Saturday afternoons, when our kind mother allowed us to prepare and eat our supper there.

My parents were once going off several miles to a great wedding; and we were saddened by the remark that we must go to bed at our usual hour, as they would not be at home till very late.

It was so unusual and so sad to have them far away that the promise of wedding-cake in the morning could hardly console us. What, then, was my joy, just before they left, at seeing Sally Howe leap the fence, and rush in with the words,—

"We're going to have a tea-party to-night, and want you all to come over. Six others are coming, and we're going to make molasses candy and to pop corn in the evening."

My mother said "No," and explained that she was going away, and had charged Emeline to have us all in bed before nine o'clock.

This was a bitter disappointment; but not a word was said, and the girl made a second leap over the picket-fence, and was off to fill our places with other children.

I do not think, looking back to that time, that I was at heart a law-abiding child. Indeed, I remember distinctly the rebellious acts which often cast a shadow over a face whose smiles I would give worlds to see to-day, but which I shall never see again till I see it in its immortal beauty.

Emeline was a fresh, pretty Yankee girl, who taught district school or wrought in a kitchen, just as opportunity offered. She had promised us two whole chapters of "Robinson Crusoe" after tea, and my elder sisters were setting the table for her so as to hasten on the joyful hour.

I slipped out at the back door, and ran, bare-headed, in my little pink-sleeved apron and old slippers, to the tea-party at Mrs. Howe's.

Never shall I forget what seemed to me the glory of the scene as I entered. The large, low, unplastered kitchen, with its broad, open fire casting shadows on the rough boards, the caseless clock, the two great horn-shells, the lamps filled with vitriol-water and red yarn, and the profiles of Mrs. Howe and a strange man—it had never once occurred to me that there could be a husband and father attached to this family—completely charmed me.

How I wished there was a great unplastered room in the parsonage, with such a fire-place, with black andirons, and a long crane, with a tea-kettle on it! How I envied these girls those elegant lamps and their mother's profile! I was willing they should keep the man's that hung beside it.

Mrs. Howe welcomed me very kindly, and said,—

"I'm glad your mother changed her mind, so as to let one of you come. I suppose Emeline would be lonesome without the others."

I made no reply.

I felt a little ashamed of my calico apron and my old slippers when I saw six little girls in their Sunday clothes, but I soon forgot it.

While the Howe girls and their guests were spreading the cloth, Mrs. Howe beckoned me to follow her into the next room.

That also was unplastered and unpainted. Taking a key, attached to a black ribbon, from her neck, she said, placing the candlestick in my hand,—

"I'm obliged to keep all my good things—the things I brought from home—here, under lock and key. I don't take them out often, but I will to-night, because you are here, and you are always so sweet to me."

I heard a sigh as she removed a cover from the contents of the trunk and exposed a set of china so lovely that I cried out, "Oh, oh!"

It was white, with figures which changed from purple to gold, and from gold to pink, as the light fell on them. The tops of sugar-bowl and teapot were doves with outspread wings, and the articles were all decorated with birds and flowers in these changeable hues. She placed them all on the floor beside her. Then she took out a tablecloth, and silver spoons, and a set of knives and forks with ivory handles dyed bright green, and took them into the kitchen.

Such a dazzling tea-table I had never seen before.

We had bread, and smoked beef, and cake, and gingerbread, and preserves; and as I was treated with great distinction, I enjoyed myself as much as if I had been in full dress for the occasion.

We were all very merry, chatting and laughing, and eating preserves and cake without restraint—Mrs. Howe never restrained any one—and were perhaps growing a little rude, when suddenly the outside kitchen door was burst open, and a man who looked to me like a wild giant rushed in with an ax over his shoulder.

His head reached almost to the beams above. His eyes were red and wild, and his hair, which was long and grizzly, stood out like a hundred serpents around his face. He wore a red flannel shirt, and a great many white buttons, like lozenges, on it.

This was all taken in at a glance, and formed a picture on my memory never to be erased. Before we had time to look at each other, he cried out,—

"Oh, this is the way things go, is it? You're here feeding Joe Luke's, and Abe Raymond's, and Will Sanders' children, on cake and pie, and I'm off earning money to pay for it! Go home, girls! Your fathers and mothers are too proud to speak to me, but they ain't too proud to let you eat the good things I have to pay for!"

We were paralyzed by the sight of the ax, and before we could run, he cried out to his wife,—

"Whose child is that there, with the light curls?"

In a very subdued voice, she replied,—

"That's one of the new minister's children."

"Oh, it is, ha! And he expects me, who never goes to meeting, to feed his family! Clear out, every soul of you, before I chop your heads off with my ax!" he roared out in a terrific voice.

At this moving appeal, we all started and fled through a door on the other side of the kitchen, and stumbled over each other in the darkness outside.

Mamie Sanders, the oldest of the group, said, in a kind voice, "Don't be afraid. He talks awfully when he's drunk, but he never hurts anybody." We were too much afraid to be comforted, and fled in different directions.

By the roaring voice, the smashing of dishes, and the shrieks within, we knew the kind mother had all she could do to protect her own children, without looking after us.

In my fright, and being almost a stranger in the place, I took the longest road to the village, and ran on, my heart beating so that I could hardly breathe. I was sure I heard steps behind me. They came nearer and nearer, and I *almost* felt the cold ax at my neck, when a team came up, and the driver called out,—

"Want a ride home, child? This is a lonesome way for such a little girl."

Anybody was my friend then who could increase the distance between me and that giant, and without a word, I reached up my hand and was helped on to a peddler's wagon.

I opened my heart to my new friend, and told him all—except my disobedience.

"Yes," he replied, "I heard that Jim Howe had come home from the lumber camp rum-crazy. Some day he'll kill somebody. He ought to be shut up for a lunatic.

"Mary Miles was the best and prettiest girl about when we were young. She married this stranger from fur off, and the old captain gave her a great wedding, and fine clothes and furniture, and had got their house built just so fur when he failed up and died. Then it wasn't long till Jim Howe showed himself up, and broke her spirit and her heart too.

"He's sold off nearly all her nice things, and instead of doing any work, he sets a bad example, and abuses them all. He went off lumbering, but has come back before they begun work. I'm afraid Mrs. Howe hasn't resolution to bring up those rude girls right.

"Why, child, I didn't notice that you had no outside garment! Here, take this new hoss-blanket and put it 'round you."

There was no reading of "Robinson Crusoe" at home that evening. As I opened the door, I heard Emeline sob out,—

"If she's fallen into the well, or been carried off by those Indians, they never will forgive me!"

When they saw me, they all hugged and kissed me, and asked, "Who carried you off? and how did you escape?"

When I told my story, my eldest sister looked at me reproachfully, and said,—

"Oh, how grieved mamma will be!"

But the second one laughed, and said,—

"I guess this has cured her! She'll never tease to go to that handsome Mrs. Howe's any more. Mother knew all about that man."

And I never did go there again, although I retained my love for the gentle woman, and was encouraged to make pin-cushions and holders for her in return for many little kindnesses I received at her hand.—*Mrs. J. D. Chaplin, in Youth's Companion.*

AVERAGE WEIGHT.—A Prussian of an inquiring mind has been trying to average the weight of people. The average shows that a citizen of the world on the first day of his appearance in public weighs about six pounds and a half—a boy-baby a little more, a girl-baby a little less. Some very modest babies hardly turn the scale with two pounds and a half, while other pretentious youngsters boast of ten and eleven pounds. He grouped his thousands of people according to ages, and found that the young men of twenty averaged one hundred and forty-three pounds each, while the young women of twenty average one hundred and twenty pounds. His men reached their heaviest bulk at about thirty-five, when their average weight was one hundred and fifty-two pounds; but the women slowly grew on until fifty, when their average weight was one hundred and twenty-nine pounds. Men and women together, the weight at full growth averaged almost exactly one hundred and forty pounds.

Western Progress.

The growth of the West is simply unparalleled in history; and one direct cause of this may be found in the "hard times" through which the whole country has been passing.

Within the last five years it is estimated that there has been an exodus into the new West, beyond the Mississippi, of 2,500,000 people. Of these, 1,880,000 are from the Atlantic States, and the vast majority Americans. This has been taking place while immigration from Europe has been at low figures. In 1878, less than 150,000 immigrants came to our shores from over the sea, while 600,000 emigrants settled in new regions in the West. Of these 600,000 but 80,000 were foreigners, leaving 520,000, or over half a million, of our own people; 140,000 farms and lots are reported to have been taken, averaging one hundred acres to a family.

To any one inclined to romantic contrasts, the present life and occupancy of the country beyond the Mississippi presents a far different aspect than in those early days when France and Spain and Mexico laid claim to that land where also, before that time, strange and almost unknown peoples came and passed off into dim history.

The most rapid development at present is in the western section of the Mississippi Valley, the division east of the Rocky Mountains and west of the Mississippi River. It is best indicated by States. What was once called the Great American Desert, stretching across Nebraska and Kansas, has given proof of the falsity of its name.

In the past year, Nebraska has welcomed 100,000 immigrants; and Kansas, which in 1864 had a less number of voters than it had of enrolled soldiers sent into the war to preserve the Union, has increased to probably upwards of a million inhabitants. They have been going in to take possession of the land, it is said, at the rate of two thousand a day, while, in addition, Kansas has been finding work and homes for the thousands of the oppressed Freedmen from the "solid South." It is still and ever will remain "free soil."—*N. Y. Examiner.*

A Hasty Marriage.

A correspondent, writing from Jefferson, Greene County, Iowa, sends us an anecdote of her great uncle, as illustrative of the promptness with which the men of the Revolution responded to the call of their country.

At the beginning of our War of Independence Major Samuel Lawrence, the father of Boston's two great merchants, Amos and Abbott Lawrence, lived in Groton, Mass. He was the commander of a company of "minute men," who held themselves ready to march against the enemy at a moment's notice.

The major was engaged to be married to Miss Susanna Parker. The lady's mother suggested that in view of the uncertain fortunes of war, the marriage should take place forthwith.

"Susie had better be Sam's widow," she said, "than his forlorn damsel."

Susie and the major being willing, the parson was called in. While he was tying the nuptial knot, a mounted orderly interrupted the ceremony by handing sealed orders to Major Lawrence. They directed him to march his men immediately to the headquarters of the American army.

The major delayed obedience long enough to complete the ceremony, and then, giving the bridal and the farewell kiss, assembled his men and marched.

On reporting himself to his commanding officer he was complimented upon his promptness. Learning of the circumstances under which the major had marched, the officer procured him a furlough. For a few days the major enjoyed a honeymoon, and then returned to duty.

The major lived to see fifty years of American independence, and to raise an honored family.

The Novelist and the Magazine.

If the professional novelist lived by the actual sale of his books, he would speedily cut the profession in disgust; and it is a curious speculation whether the strike of the skilled might starve the public and the librarians into more discriminating patronage. But luckily, both for the novelist and his readers, there are other channels open to him—and channels that are multiplying and widening. If he pass his story through a leading magazine, its fortune is half made in advance; and in respect to its future he is comparatively on velvet. He gets a handsome price each installment; nor does the circulation in serial form injure its subsequent publication; indeed we have been informed by experts who ought to know, that, according to their experience, it rather improves it. And the magazines that rely chiefly on their fiction are multiplying likewise, although scarcely in proportion to the increase of novel-writers; while there are illustrated papers that publish serials, and weekly literary and social papers which are borrowing leaves from the books of the French *feuilletons*. Some of these pay well; others very indifferently; but, at all events, the man who has been aiming high has the certainty of hedging against an absolute miscarriage. The medium of magazine publication is an unspeakable boon to authors, for genius must live somehow, and is dependent on its comforts if not on luxury—*Blackwood's Magazine.*

Paul Boyton, the swimmer, has a rival in a Colorado chap who walks the water on a pair of new-fangled shoes. He gave an exhibition at Leavenworth, Kan., recently, which was entirely satisfactory. He started from the upper side of the Missouri river bridge, and although the current was running at the rate of fourteen miles an hour, the river was crossed in nine and a-half minutes. After resting a few moments he showed the audience how to manage the shoes and how they could be steered in any direction one wished to go. The shoes were then attached together, making a perfect buoy or life-preserver upon which the occupant could sit or lie with ease and safety. The aquatic shoes will prove necessary for American travelers who visit Europe and find it convenient to walk home.

Says a recent writer: So long as such a large number of our farmers remain careless and negligent about making permanent and pleasant homes for their families, without attractions and comforts, they will continue nomadic in their habits, while their children will seek other avocations whenever possible.

Josh Billings' Philosophy.

It iz the honest man in this world that want watching; the rogues will cheat yu ennyhow, whether yu watch them or not.

I kind ov notiss thoze folks who are krazy to find out all that iz going on, allwuss find out a good deal that ain't so.

Honesty iz no doubt the best policy, but i have seen policy that wasn't the best kind ov honesty.

One ov the best ballanced chaps that I meet in mi travels iz the one who talks the most and lies the least.

There is no man so poor but that he kan afford to keep a dog, and i hav seen them so poor that they could afford to keep three.

An original wize man iz very diffikult to find, but to find an original fool iz still more diffikult.

The man who iz free from vanity haint been born yet, and probably never will be.

Them folks who never look ahed, but allwuss look back and around them, and akt ackordin, are a going to learn the most and suffer the least.

The karakters who are all energy, and thoze who are all judgment, are like the grayhound and the foxhound, the first follows the game bi sight, the other bi scent.

The choicest kompliment that kan be paid to virtew iz that the best lies we hav are thoze which most resemble the truth.

I never yet had mi own way in ennything, but what i saw afterwart how i could hav improved upon it.

Yung man, i wouldn't hav yu too wize for yure years; there iz no fun, it iz true, in getting kikt bi a mule, but there iz absolute joy in learning that that the mule kant do it agin.

When I hear a man red hot in argument, i oftner hunt for the lie he iz trieing to bury, than i do for the truth he iz trieing to dig up.

The grate blunder we make iz in mistaking plezzure for happiness; there may be some plezzure in getting tight, but there don't seem to be enny happiness in getting over it.

There iz nothing that a man will talk louder about than to prove his religious beleaf, and there iz nothing which really interests the bistanders less.

The man who never takes enny risks, makes az menny blunders az enny boddy.

The cumforts and discumforts ov life are so nicely ballanced amung humanity, that every one thinks he iz just a little better off than the other phellow.

The top round ov the ladder iz the dangerous one; come and roost with me, mi boy, on the middle one.

There iz no man wize enuff to kno what others think ov him.

Our plezzures too often are the most silly things about us.

Napoleon's Will.

The will of Prince Napoleon is published. It is written in his own hand, and dated Chislehurst, February 26, 1879. The following are the chief points: I die in the Catholic Apostolic and Roman religion, in which I was born. I desire that my body shall be placed near that of my father, pending the time when they shall both be transported to where the founder of our house reposes in the midst of the French people, whom we have, like him, dearly loved. My last thaught will be for my country. It is for France that I would wish to die. I constitute my well beloved mother, Empress Eugenie, my sole legatee, she being charged with attending to the following legacies: I leave 200,000 francs for my cousin, Prince J. N. Murat; I leave 100,000 francs to M. F. Pietri, in gratitude for his good services; I leave 100,000 francs to M. Lebaron Corvisart, in acknowledgment of his devotion; I leave 100,000 francs to M'lle De Larminat, who has always shown herself so attached to my mother; I leave 100,000 francs to M. A. Filou, my old tutor; I leave 100,000 francs to M. L. N. Conneau; 100,000 francs to M. N. Espinasse; 100,000 francs to Capt. A. Bizot, my oldest friend. I desire that my dear mother shall pay a pension for life, of 10,000 francs, to Prince L. L. Bonaparte, a life pension of 5,000 francs to M. Bachon, my old equerry, and a life pension of 2,500 francs each to M'me Thierry and to Ahlmann. I desire that all my other servants be never deprived of their situations.

The New York *Tribune* says: The most striking feature of the will of the Prince Imperial is the strong pride in the name of Napoleon and the real faith in the cause. He urges his mother to remember that so long as there are Bonapartists the Imperial cause will have a representative, and that the line will not end with him. He adjures her to defend the memory of his great uncle and his father, and expresses a hope that the time may come when the bodies of the three Napoleons may rest together in the tomb now tenanted alone by the founder of the family.

First Look in a Mirror.

The effect which the sudden seeing of themselves as others see them had upon several Siamese women is narrated by a lady.

A few weeks ago a company of Siamese women came to see me and to look at my house. They consider it a great treat if I invite them through my rooms, and let them look at my bed, my tables, my chairs, my pictures and nick-nacks, and especially if they can get a look at themselves in the mirror on my bureau.

One or two of those who came had been here before, and they were telling of how they looked in the glass, till the others were all anxious to see too, so they gathered in a crowd and stood before the mirror.

One quick look, and then a surprised, startled cry, and some of them hid their faces, others jumped away, and some looked about to see who was really there.

They had never seen themselves before, and did not know how miserably they looked, with their black teeth and naked bodies. They drew their scarf over their breasts, and tried to hide from the sight of themselves.

One turned and said to me, "We are very hateful-looking; don't you think so?"

I did not tell them I had always thought so, but I said,—

"Now, since you know how you look, is it any wonder that we always tell you to wear more clothes, and to quit chewing betel?"

Some of them would not be induced to look the second time, while others stood and stared.

Jurymen should stand by their convictions.

A Portuguese Heroine.

A correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* at Lisbon vouches for the truth of the following narrative, which he translates from the *Diario de Noticias*: At the distance of one kilometre from the village of Fratel, near Niza—*i. e.*, on the frontier of Spain and Portugal, near the town of Portalegre—Theresa Maria, who was carrying her husband's dinner to him in the fields, was told by a little shepherd boy that a wolf was prowling about the place.

Wishing to see one for the first time in her life, she put down her basket and climbed up to a high place to which the boy directed her. There she saw the animal in the act of devouring a lamb.

The shepherd boy began shouting and throwing stones, to see whether it would let go its prey, and the wolf, in its fury, then attacked the poor little fellow, jumping up at his face, tearing the flesh from his jaws and throwing him upon the ground.

The woman, seeing the boy's imminent danger, in an impulse of heroic self-devotion, ran on the wolf wholly unarmed, seized tight hold of him, and then, after a struggle, contrived to blind him with a stone, and eventually killed him.

Meanwhile, the boy whom she had rescued ran, wounded as he was, to seek help in the village. While several of the villagers were coming up, armed with guns, stones and sticks, to kill the beast and save the woman from its fangs, she was returning to the village covered with blood, and with her arms, hands and face terribly wounded.

She said that at times she was on the point of being overcome, but contrived to keep the animal's throat in the close hold of her left arm, while hitting him hard on the head with a stone which she was able to pick up. She was taken to the Niza hospital.

It is with regret that all will read what I have now unfortunately to add—that exactly a month afterward the poor creature died there of her wounds. She has left eight children, six of whom are very young, and a distracted husband to mourn her loss; but she found comfort in her last sufferings, and under the pain of such a parting, from the recollection that she had given her life for another. The English and Portuguese have sent some £22 as a small consolation to a poor and industrious family who have to mourn a noble heart taken from them.

In a postscript, written two days later, the correspondent says: "I am sorry, indeed, to have to add to the narrative that the little shepherd boy for whom the brave woman sacrificed her life is dead also. She was allowed to console her dying hours with the belief that she had perished in saving a life. But it was not to be so. The poor child died in the terrible sufferings of hydrophobia. Besides the subscription raised on behalf of the bereaved husband and the orphans, another has very properly been started to erect a monument at Niza, so that such a deed may not be forgotten."

A Lady Divorced without Knowing it.

The *Philadelphia Press* commences the recital of the trials and troubles of a Philadelphia lady by quoting from David Copperfield, Mrs. Betsy Trotwood's exclamation, "Twenty years ago I was married to that man, but I have seen very little of him since," as appropriate to Louisa Brewster, who, in 1855, was married to William Cowper Williams. His father was a minister, and he was a medical graduate, but being poor it was agreed that they should live apart until his circumstances improved. Williams went to Newcastle, Del., shortly after the marriage, and changing his name was about to be married again, when the fact that he was already married was communicated to the intended bride. Williams returned to Philadelphia, but refused to acknowledge his wife. He went to Europe and returned in 1857, and then went West. Six months later Mrs. Williams received a letter announcing her husband's death, apparently signed by his mother, who subsequently pronounced it a forgery. In 1863 she discovered that her absent husband was Colonel of the Forty-fourth Indiana Regiment, and his arrest followed; but he was released by order of General Rosecrans, who needed his services at the front. A few months since Mrs. Williams discovered that her husband was living in Albion, Noble county, Indiana; that he had been married fifteen years ago to a Miss Bliss, and was the father of two children. Strange, too, she discovered that he had obtained a divorce on the ground of her abandonment of him on the day of the marriage. Without any notice to the defendant, the farce of a divorce was carried through by a referee, who recommended the granting of a divorce, and the fees were ordered to be paid by the defendant. That part has not been complied with, and suit is to be instituted to vacate the decree, in order that the aggrieved lady may ascertain whether she is married or single. Miss Brewster or Mrs. Williams is a music teacher, and a cousin of the Hon. Benjamin Harris Brewster. Williams, it is said, served with credit during the war, and is a prominent politician in his district, having served the State in various capacities.

PICKING GEESE.—Picking should be done in a close room or every breath of air will scatter the feathers and down. Having taken up your bird, draw a long stocking over its head and down on the neck to prevent its wreaking its vengeance on you by its merciless biting.

The wings are formidable weapons, also, and must be held or their blows will leave many a black and blue mark as evidence of their power. Pick when the quill of the feather is ripe, that is, clear; while the feathers are developing the quil is filled with bloody matter, which shows their unfitness of picking. When picking take all the small feathers, leaving all the large ones, except four or five under each wing, which must be left to keep the wings from drooping. Take off the down only in warm weather. The number of times to pick geese in a season depends upon the climate. The rule we have given above will enable any one to determine when the feathers will do to pluck. Keep the geese in a warm place when they are out of water, if the weather is cool after picking. The young goslings might be picked when their feathers are grown and ripe, and yet grow out in full in time for fattening for the holiday market. The yield of feathers will be about one-quarter of a pound from each goose, and these alone will very nearly pay for rearing them.—*Poultry World.*

Wonders of Venus.

Many who admire the beautiful star which now adorns the western sky until more than three hours after the commencement of twilight may not be aware that its splendor is derived from the sun; that in it, like on the earth, night curtains the landscape, morning dawns and seasons in quick succession come and go. Lofty mountains show that forces similar to those which upheaved the Alps and lifted the summits of the Andes above the regions of eternal snow have ridged its surface and covered it with hills and vales. Variable spots prove that clouds float in its atmosphere, and gleams of light, which dart across its sky, afford evidence that in it lightning seams the sky and the thunder's roll reverberates through the valleys.

But 300 miles less in diameter than the earth, and revolving on its axis in nearly the same time, Venus makes thirteen revolutions around the sun while the former makes eight. As the inclination of the planet to the plane of its orbit is at least fifty-four degrees, its torrid zone is double that extent, or 108 degrees, and its polar circles fifty-four degrees from the poles. It therefore has two frigid and a torrid, but no temperate zone. Since the sun must arrive at the equator and depart from it to the distance of fifty-four degrees twice in each of its years, there must be two summers and two winters annually in the torid zones and a winter and a summer in each of the frigid. Venus becomes the morning star after its superior conjunction, when it appears, through the telescope, crescent-shaped like the new moon. The orbits of this planet and of Mercury are within the orbit of the earth, and consequently they are never seen in opposition to the sun, that is in the east when the sun is in the west, or in the west and the sun in the east. At its inferior conjunction, Venus is nearer to the earth than any other planet except the moon, and sometimes when aproaching the greatest distance, when it seems to recede from the sun, casts a shadow and is visible in the full light of day. If at the period when it is nearest to the earth, the enlightened part were fully turned toward the latter, this planet would appear twenty times as brilliant as it now does and almost vie with the moon in dissipating the darkness of night. Being situated at about one-third less distance from the sun than the earth, Venus receives more light from that luminary than is received by the former planet, and seems not to require the aid of the moon. Nevertheless, several astronomers have affirmed that they have noticed such a body, and have even gone so far as to calculate the orbit of the supposed satellite, but their observations have not been verified.

The transits of Venus, or its passage between the earth and the sun, when it appears as a round dark spot moving slowly across the solar disc, have been made to assist in determining the distance of the earth from the central luminary. The last transit occurred in December, 1874, and the next will take place in December, 1882. As this can be viewed in the United States it will awaken a greater interest than the transit which Rittenhouse and others observed more than a century ago. But four transits of Venus have been observed, and after 1882, 121½ years will elapse before the alternately morning and evening star will pursue its seeming pathway across the surface of the great orb of day.—*Albany Journal.*

Reminiscence of Howard Paul.

Some twenty-two or twenty-three years ago Mr. Buckstone, the manager of the Haymarket Theater, invited me to lunch with him at the Cafe de l'Europe, in the Haymarket, London, as he had business to talk about. I had a reputation for the production of impromptu farces—mere *vols au vent*, calculated to live a month at the outside. While the cutlets were preparing and the wine being decanted, Buckstone said, "I have got a girl who, I think, will make a hit in a part of some dash, but I do not know of anything that will suit her." "Dash, eh? Why not give her one of Nesbitt's old characters in which she shone at the Tottenton Street Theater?" "Oh! they are *passe*—consigned to the limbo of forgotten things. I want something new—merely a farce—and I want you to write it—right away." "Well, I will *write away*, to oblige you. Can I see the damsel? I may know how to fit her when I have taken her measure." "Come to the theater after lunch. She will be there at three; it is now two P. M." We discussed the chop, imbibed the sherry and some sparkling Mosel, and then to the Haymarket, next door. The young lady came. Her manners were frank and easy—neither forward nor reticent. "This gentleman," said Mr. Buckstone, introducing me, "wishes to take your measure. He don't look much like a tailor, however." "Am I to do a breeches part?" asked the young lady. "That depends," I replied; "have you—pardon me—have you a-—" "Oh! yes; I hit your meaning. All right about the leg." "Good—an idea occurs to me. Do you fancy the *debardeur* costume?" "Suits me to a T. Have you anything ready in that way?" "No, but I shall have in a day or two. Something has just struck me." "Well, I hope it didn't hurt you?" "No, it didn't go deeper than my fancy. Can you sing?" "Rather——" and she burst out into a charming tri-ra la. "Good, I will be here with a one-act trifle the day after to-morrow." We parted. That same evening the piece was born—the next day it was dressed and equipped by a copyist—on the morrow it was baptized "Any Port in a Storm," and was presented to the public in three or four days later. The principal character was, of course, created for the *debutante*, Miss Featherstone, and she made a hit. Her style was fresh, courageous, dashing, yet chaste withal. Not long afterward, she exchanged the maiden dissyllable for a monosyllable and became the wife of Paul (Howard)—reversing the usual order of things when a maiden doubles herself by becoming a wife. This is one of many domestic memories which have no relation to Washington city, and for the insertion of which I very humbly apologize.—*The Home Journal.*

Circumstances alter cases. The man who is on the train thinks it tarries too long at way stations; not so the one who is half a block away and coming rapidly toward it when the whistle toots.—*Puck.*

Probably no man so fully realizes the hollowness of life and human ambition as the man who ladles a teaspoonful of new-laid horseradish into his mouth under the impression it is ice-cream.—*Hawk-Eye.*

The "Black Death" and the Spinners' Strike.

More and more it is becoming evident to the historian and philosopher that the science of history lies far deeper than the quarrels of kings provoked by lust, avarice and ambition, or even than the great political movements of parliaments and nobles. Perhaps it is an exaggeration, but it is certainly a striking example of this method when Professor Thorold Rogers, of Oxford University, in an article in the Princeton *Review* on "Labor and Wages" argues that the great plague of 1348-9 in England was a social revolution on the largest scale. No event, he says, had such permanent effects in English life as this event has had. It was far more important than the conquest by the Normans, the wars of the Roses and the civil wars between the Puritans and cavaliers in the seventeenth century. To that event is due the peculiar position of the English aristocracy, the position of the English agriculturist, the poor law and the trades union.

The black death destroyed from one-third to one-fourth of the population, chiefly of the laboring classes, which immediately doubled the wages of the survivors. This destroyed the profits, and within forty years almost all land owners gave up agriculture and leased their land. They began also a war against the rise in wages, which was the first of that struggle between capital and labor of which trades unionism is the modern outcome. On meeting, Parliament enacted a stringent law prescribing that the wages should be fixed at the rates prevailing a few years before, and inflicting penalties on those who gave and those who received wages in excess of the legal rate. These laws were of course inoperative, but they were re-enacted over and over again, and were finally repealed only in 1824, or 475 years after they were first placed on the statute books. But although the laws were inoperative they educated the workmen into thinking that a combination of laborers to raise wages must be possible, or it would not have kept such a law in existence for nearly five centuries, nor called forth such passionate and persistent opposition. Almost immediately upon its repeal modern trades unionism sprang into existence, and within a few years under the leadership of Joseph Arch, has extended to the agricultural class. In this country there has been little or no trades unionism, partly because of the greater natural prosperity, partly because there has been no attempt to regulate wages by law. Wherever great strikes have been attempted in this country, like the present strike in the Fall River cotton mills, they can be traced to the influence of foreign laborers, to whom they are familiar, and in which these laborers are experienced. If Professor Rogers' theory be true, therefore, people living at a distance of 3,000 miles in space and 500 years in time are feeling the influence of a calamity which then swept over our English ancestry and kinsfolk, but which seemed at first to bring good fortune to those who survived by giving them for their labor twice the amount of wages that they received before the plague thinned their ranks so frightfully.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The First Wrestle With a Stove-Pipe Hat.

Yes, son, you are correct. The first time you wear a stove-pipe hat, everybody looks at you. Not, as you may vainly imagine, because you are the first young man who ever wore a stove-pipe hat, but because it is apparent even to the old blind man who sits in the back pew, without any cushion in, away back under the gallery where the poor have the gospel preached at them, that it is the first time you ever wore a hat of that description. Your old father claps one on the back of his head, puts his hands into his pockets, holds up his head and walks off down the streets in a gale of wind and never thinks of his hat. But you, son, you will pull yours on at the most graceful angle it can be posed, and you go teetering along, both hands ready to fly at the hat at the slightest provocation of the ghostliest phantom of a puff of wind. You don't look comfortable, son. Your hat is always trying to come off; you bump it against everything you pass; you rub it the wrong way when you try to brush the dust off it; when you carry it in your hand up the aisle, everybody smiles, because you first hold it by the brim and let the crown tip gracefully over your arm, and by the time you have hit three or four worshippers in the head with it, you change and turn it under your arm and try to carry it that way without touching it, and the first thing you do in that pose, you put a woman's eye out with your elbow. Then, when you sit down, you put the hat down on the floor, setting it on the brim; a fatal mistake. And then before the sermon is half through, you put your foot on it three times. But never mind; you have to learn some time. Only don't imagine that people never saw anything of the kind before, because they have. And finally, son, if you are only five feet three inches tall, don't think that a hat three feet five inches high improves your appearance, or makes you look taller. Because it doesn't. It may make you look as though you clerked in a second-hand clothing store, but it doesn't make you look taller. By and by, when you have worn a high hat two or three years, you will wear it so naturally that it will become you. But the first time—oh, my son, my son!

THE PATRIOT SPY.—Captain Hale was just of age when he was hanged in New York for being found within the British lines with important information concerning the English force and plans in his possession. He was a native of Coventry, Conn., and was born in 1775. Educated at Yale College, he was a teacher in New London, with the ultimate purpose of entering the ministry, when the news came from Boston of the battle of Lexington. He was one of the first to enlist a few hours after the news was received, and he encouraged others to enlist. "Let us march immediately," he is on record as saying, "and never lay down our arms until we obtain our independence." The next morning the New London company were on the road to Boston. Some years ago an effort was made to induce Congress to make an appropriation for a monument to Hale's memory. It was unsuccessful. Then the women of his native town, Coventry, with the aid of a small sum granted by the State of Connecticut, collected money enough to erect a monument. It is a simple granite shaft, forty feet high; it bears his name and the dates and places of birth and death, and his dying words: "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country."

SAN FRANCISCO ITEMS.

The collections in the Tax Collector's office average about $10,000.

Singo Aoki, Japanese Minister to Germany, and suite, have been here, en route to their official post.

The semi-annual report of the San Francisco Savings Union gives its assets at $10,370,376 83, of which there is $9,898,712 47 due depositors.

Two more pedestrian tournaments are being arranged for the Mechanics' Pavilion—one for men and the other for women—six days, "go as you please."

During the past week the Great Council of Red Men has held its sessions in the city, and legislated for the advancement and prosperity of that fraternity.

The number of prisoners transferred from the County Jail to the State Prison during the administration of Sheriff Nunan up to July 22d inclusive has been 583.

Colonel Samuel Woods, who has been stationed in San Francisco for over twenty years, has lately been promoted to a Deputy Paymaster Generalship, and ordered to take station at St. Paul, Minnesota.

Superintendent Mann who has been engaged in examining the papers of the 65 nominees for school teachers' positions believes that the result will demonstrate that the educational grade of the candidates is of a much higher rank than formerly.

The steamer *Oregon*, from Portland, brought down eight soldiers from Vancouver barracks, who were taken to Alcatraz to serve out five-year terms each for desertion. They ran away from the barracks in a drunken frolic and were gone four days.

Party politics and preparations for the next election so absorb the attention of the people, especially politicians, that those who look for local news are disappointed. The greatest of all questions now before the public is: Who can secure the spoils of office?

Section one of the new seawall has been completed. In the construction of the work the following material was used: Ninety thousand three hundred and twenty-seven cubic yards of stone, 79,000 cubic yards of earth and 650,000 feet of lumber, besides 742 piles.

The French Library Association has 438 members now in the city. There are 10,084 volumes in the Library, of which 900 are French. The number of volumes taken out during the last year was 21,805. Ninety per cent of this number were romances.

William Otto Markorski, a German, aged about twenty-five years, was arrested recently and charged with insanity. His mental derangement is a religious one, he imagining that he is Christ, and whenever he sees water he wants to demonstrate his ability to walk upon it.

The Geary street cable railroad is now completed to Laguna street. The work on Fulton street, which runs in the direction of the park from the Cliff House road has been completed entirely, and the track is laid about two blocks from the Fulton street crossing in the direction of the city.

The Board of Education has issued a circular to the Principals of schools in reference to the use of the McGuffey Readers, intimating discretion, as the Board will have power to decide upon the text books to be used when the new Constitution comes into effect on the 1st of January.

A German who committed suicide a few days ago by taking a dose of strychnine, gave, before he died, his reason for the awful deed. He said that he could not restrain his cravings for strong drink, and he would sooner die than disgrace himself and family by giving way to his appetite.

License Collector Sinton submits the following report of the collections of his office for the year ending June 30, 1879. State and county licenses, $272,671; fees on same, $25,974; municipal licenses, General Fund, $52,855; stock certificate transfer tax, $28,434 90; Street Department, $17,476 50. Total, $417,411 40.

The registration of voters is progressing rapidly. The indications are that over 33,000 names will be in before precinct registration opens. The Registrar has awarded the contract for printing the Precinct Registers to the agent of the electric pen, at 22 cents per name for 40,000 names and 15 cents per name for all above that number.

A pink pond lily has been exhibited in this city. It grew near Oakland, where others are to be seen. In describing the rare curiosity the *Bulletin* say that the "shades or gradations of pink, are very beautiful, the deepest color being on the outside petals. The flower is larger and the perfume more delicate than that of the white pond lily. Just now these pink pond lilies are the greatest floral curiosity to be seen in this vicinity."

Robert Apple, one of the old time superintendents of Comstock mines, who died in Europe in July, 1878, bequeathed in his will the sum of $10,000 for the erection of a free drinking fountain for the city of San Francisco. The will provides that this fountain shall be erected near the Oakland Ferry landing. The fountain will be from eighteen to twenty feet in hight, to be made of iron castings with fine bronze finish.

An immense throng of people assembled at Long Bridge last Sunday morning, to witness a boat race for the championship of the Pacific Coast and $1,000. The bay, also, was thickly dotted with boats of every description. In the afternoon, crowds of pleasure-seekers went to witness the numerous base-ball games played in both the cities. Others preferred to go see the baloon ascensions, pigeon shooting and walking matches.

At the late annual meeting of the stockholders of the Central Pacific Railroad the following persons were elected stockholders: Leland Stanford, C. P. Huntington, Charles Crocker, E. H. Miller, Jr., Charles F. Crocker, and W. W. Huntington. The officers elect are: Leland Stanford, President; C. P. Huntington, Vice-President; Charles Crocker, Second Vice-President; E. H. Miller, Jr., Secretary; E. W. Hopkins, Treasurer.

The well-known capitalist, D. O. Mills, having recently made extensive investments in the Eastern States, which demand his personal supervision, will, it is reported, spend about half his time in New York and the remainder on this coast. Mr. Mills has a large investment in the Lake Shore Railroad. He will build for his Eastern home a palatial residence in New York city, retaining for his California home the beautiful villa at Millbrae.—*Chronicle*.

The people in the southern part of the city complain of gangs of hoolums, who hold carnival, carrying their festivities so far and in such a boisterous style that sleep to the inhabitants is impossible. Last Sunday morning they were careering along Second street, overturning fruit stands, barrels and everything that appeared to be in their way, and abusing all who passed them in the most filthy language. The police are never to be seen at the proper time in the vicinity.

In the Fifteenth District Court last week argument was resumed in the matter of the application of George H. Rogers, President of the Free Library Association, for a mandamus to compel County Treasurer Hubert to set apart to the account of the Free Library Association $23,977 50, as being the amount raised for that purpose in the tax levy of last year. Judge Dwinelle decided that the amount was specially included in the general fund, and the omission to designate it a library fund did not operate to divert it from that object. He therefore granted the order to compel the Treasurer to pay over the amount.

A daily paper says that a gigantic corner in grain sacks, comprising less than half a dozen shippers, and grain dealers, expects to make $600,000 by its manipulations. About a month ago the purchase of the sacks began and the sweep made was so thorough that there was hardly one to be found afterward. The ship *Naturalist* is on her way to this port from Calcutta with a cargo of 2,500,000 grain sacks. As the purchases have been made at from 8½ to 9¼ cents, the profits realized are not far from four per cent. The number held by the corner is 15,000,000, so that if sales are made at 12 cents or a little above that figure, some $600,000 gain will be the result.

It is believed that the Boys' and Girls' Aid Society is doing great good in the way of regenerating the youth of this society. Organized about five years ago, with but a few straggling members, it now enrolls 1,868, besides scores of children who are unable to pay the necessary enrolling fee. During the three years and nine months in which the "savings bank" has been in operation, $1,314 65 has been accumulated by 295 little depositors. The Young American Band of Hope, which was organized in the Society about three years and a half ago, with a charter membership of 13, now numbers nine hundred and forty-five. It gives bi-monthly entertainments, which are well patronized. The following is their pledge: "I solemnly promise that I will neither make, buy, sell, nor use as a beverage, intoxicating liquors of any kind; that I will abstain from the use of tobacco in every form, and from all profanity;" and they stand by it manfully. The library contains over 2,000 volumes, and is well patronized.

NEWS SUMMARY.

St. Louis is quarantined against yellow fever.

War between the Turks and Greeks is said to be imminent.

General Grant writes that he expects to return home in October.

Cincinnati is establishing quarantine against yellow fever.

Accounts received from Russia indicate a renewal of the Nihilist movement.

The Englishman, Arthur Sullivan, author of "Pinafore," has arrived at Boston.

De Lesseps has written to the Emperor of Brazil for laborers for the Darien Canal.

The Pope hopes, before the close of the year, to conclude a concordat with Russia.

The latest intelligence from Central Asia is to the effect that China is preparing for war with Russia.

Several deaths by yellow fever have occurred at New York. The persons were from the South.

A London correspondent at Pesth telegraphs that the harvest in Hungary is an utter failure.

The resignation of Mr. Welsh, U. S. Minister to England is rumored. Domestic bereavement is the reason.

German capitalists have petitioned the Government for permission to construct an electric railway in Berlin.

The Secretary of War, upon recommendation of General Schofield, commanding at West Point, has dismissed six cadets for "hazing."

The value of food supplies imported into France the first half year of 1879 shows an increase of £10,840,000 compared with the same period last year.

A steamer from Bremen brought to New York over 600 steerage passengers, mostly Russians, who alone represent a capital of over $400,000.

President Hayes has accepted an invitation of the President of the Ocean Grove Camp Meeting Association to be present at the tenth anniversary.

General Donald McLeod, a veteran of the battle of Waterloo, died recently in Cleveland, O., aged one hundred years, six months and twenty-two days.

General Butler announces his willingness to contest again for the Governorship of Massachusetts. A call has been issued, inviting those favorable to the nomination of Gen. Butler.

A late telegram from Paris says that the Chamber of Deputies, by a vote of 333 to 166, passed Ferry's second Educational bill, which provides for excluding the religious element from the superior council of education.

The Indians are again on the war-path. In Dakota, near the mouth of Beaver Creek, two military companies of troops met three hundred hostile Indians. The Indians escaped to Sitting Bull's camp from whom danger is now feared.

The New York *Tribune* says that during the three weeks beginning July 20, there will will be in the States of New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey twenty-nine great camp-meetings for temperance, sunday-school or devotional purposes.

At Newark, (N. J.) four thousand Germans in mass meeting last Sunday, protested against the enforcement of what they termed the obsolete Sunday laws, which are chiefly directed against Germans, and at war with the spirit of liberty and humanity.

A dispatch from Madrid intimates that the Cabinet, at the next session of the Cortes intends to introduce bills for a gradual extinction of slavery and the payment of compensation to proprietors of slaves, the freed men to give some years of labor for their liberty.

The wheelbarrow men who arrived at New York a few days ago from California report that they had no serious accidents. They were bothered some by tramps, but revolvers kept them off. They were told occasionally on the route that they were a pair of lunatics. They go to Europe to wheelbarrow.

The Mayor of St. Louis has telegraphed the National Board of Health that yellow fever refugees from Memphis are arriving in such large numbers that the establishment of quarantine becomes necessary. He asks that tents and rations for one thousand persons for thirty days be forwarded at once.

In the province of Hupeh, China, energetic measures have been taken for suppressing opium. The smoking-dens have been closed and opium shops abolished. Poppies were rooted up throughout the farm districts. The provincial authorities pay growers a small gratuity for every plant destroyed.

It is learned at the War Department that positive instructions have been sent to General Miles, in the Northwest, requiring him to proceed cautiously, and if possible avoid a conflict with the Indians. General Sheridan, it is understood, has been authorized to withdraw General Miles' column or to reinforce him with additional troops, as he may deem proper.

The New York *Herald* says: Six countries in Europe will this year be compelled to buy 300,000,000 bushels of wheat, and France and England will need three-fourths of this quantity. The operations this year will tend to greatly stimulate the cultivation of wheat lands, and there is an unsettled district in Northern Texas which, it is believed, could supply alone as much as Europe needs this year.

The Comptroller of the Currency at Washington has made a statement showing the National banks already organized and in operation are entitled to receive upon deposit of the necessary amount of United States $76,327,570 additional circulation. In other words, they can increase their circulation one-fifth if at any time they are in want of an additional amount, or if any profit can be made by an additional issue.

The New York *Sun*, in an editorial says: The decision of the United States Circuit Court at San Francisco, pronouncing the queue ordinance of that city unconstitutional, gives a quietus to all devices for checking Chinese immigration by means of State legislation. An appeal may be taken to the Supreme Court of the United States, but Justice Field's opinion leaves little doubt that the decision would there be affirmed.

Two hostile politicians fought a duel the other day somewhere near Columbus, Miss. Whether the fools intended and tried to kill their opponents, is not certain. Five hundred people witnessed the affair. The combatants fired upon each other at a distance of ten paces with Smith & Wesson revolvers, without effect. Major More fired immediately upon turning, while Captain Humphreys took cool, calm and deliberate aim. After the first fire friends pressed seconds to take advantage of the regulations of the code, which was done. The affair then ended, both their honors having been satisfied.

The Southern scourge has been steadily increasing at Memphis during the past week. Notwithstanding the opinions of the physicians that the disease this season does not seem so virulent or the average fatality so great as last, and though they think it is not likely to become as extensive as before, the indications are that Memphis will be fearfully scourged again. The number of new cases and the number of deaths are growing daily though not rapidly. Our latest dispatches from the afflicted city report fourteen cases and nine deaths.

The flight from Memphis still continues, notwithstanding the fact that nearly all cities and towns endangered have quarantined against the invasion. Domestic troubles were feared, and a Committee of Safety has been appointed and two military companies of colored soldiers under orders of Colonel Cameron of the Governor's staff are in camp ready for any emergency. The police and fire departments, also, have been strengthened. Camps for the colonization of poor people have been established. The Howard Association have twenty-three nurses on duty.

The President of the Sanitary Commission, at St. Louis, who has been active in affording relief to negro refugees from the South, says that instead of falling off, the exodus continues as strong as ever, and there is no prospects of its stopping. The New Orleans *Times* says: We speak deliberately and after full and due consideration, when we say, that in our judgement, the negro exodus was not originated by and has not been influenced in any appreciable degree by political or self-styled humanitarian emissaries from the Northern States. The Kansas fever is an indigenous production. Its antidote—as is Nature's plan—is to be found at home. If our people can be brought to understand the malady, the cure will be comparatively speedy and quite effective. The excitement among the colored laborers has indeed become a craze mania and an epidemic.

SAN FRANCISCO MARKET.

FLOUR—The exports for July aggregate 30,000 barrels. The stock in the whole State July 1st, as shown by returns just published by the San Francisco *Produce Exchange* amounts to 37,786 barrels, against 75,130 barrels on January 1st, and 20,231 barrels July 1, 1878. Receipts are small from all quarters, particularly so from Oregon. Walla Walla brands are scarce. The output from the local mills is light. The demand is mostly consumptive, but is active. The market is firm at an advance on best grades.

We quote, Superfine common, $3 75@$4 00; Superfine, $4 25@$4 37½; extra superfine, $4 50@$4 75; choice and extra choice, $5 50@$5 75; Oregon, good to choice, $4 75 @$5 25.

WHEAT—The stock in the State of old crops on July 1st, was nearly 600,000 centals, against less then 150,000 centals some time last year. Since July 1st seven or eight cargoes of about half the amount of the surplus has gone forward to Europe. New crop comes forward slowly. Farmers are mostly holding back in anticipation of enhanced values because of the news regarding the cereal and root crops in Europe. The damage to all crops in the old world is serious, but we can not help thinking it has been exaggerated. The year is a late one and there is still time for recovery to some extent. At worst, the crop in our country and Russia, not to speak of other regions from which supplies are drawn will, in our opinion fill the deficit and not feel the strain. Not that we anticipate any weakening in the demand, but we see no reason to hope for extravagant values. Shippers here compete sharply for business and the farmers get the last dime the market will allow. Holders now have their pretensions far above the parity of Liverpool prices, and business is so checked that ships are on demurrage and exporters are really paying more for lots to top out cargoes with than the situation justifies. Freights are strong and rule against wheat and will do so for some time to come. There was nothing gained last year by holding back grain, on the contrary there were some $2,000,000 lost to producers. We predicted this. We now venture to say there is nothing to be gained by holding on this year. We are very sorry we were right last year and should congratulate our famers if we should be proved wrong this time.

We quote superfine, $1 50@$1 60; fair to choice milling, $1 70@ $1 77½; shipping, $1 65@$1 72½.

BARLEY—The stock in the state July 1st was a trifle over 800,000 centals, a reduction of 1,490,577 centals in six months from January 1st. There is a good demand for all kinds, both for local consumption and for export. The new crop is not so large as the old one was. It is of superior quality and there is promise of a good export demand during the entire coming year.

We quote feed, 72½@82½ (all gold); Brewing, 85@$1 05; Chevalier, $1 00@$1 10; for Coast, $1 50@$1 75, for good, to choice bay.

CORN—The stock of old crop in the State is very large, aggregating nearly 150,000 centals, two-thirds of which is held along the southern coast. The new crop promises to be large. The market is dull, drooping and irregular, with no prospect of doing better.

We quote large yellow, 77½@80c; small yellow, 85c@90c; white, 72½@75c.

OATS—New crop comes in freely. The market is well supplied, and under light demand is easy. The stock in the State is small —26,000 centals against 29,000 same time last year.

We quote milling at $1 45@1 55; good to choice feed, $1 35@$1 45; common to fair feed, $1 10@$1 30.

RYE—This market is entirely dead and nominal. The stock of old crop is large, 22,000 centals.

We now quote at 80@85.

BUCKWHEAT—For all grades we quote $1 20@$1 40.

MILLSTUFFS—This market is quiet but firm under light stock.

Bran, per ton	$14 00@15 00
Middlings, per ton	17 00@18 00
Corn, ground, per ton, gold	20 00@21 00
Barley, ground, per ton, gold	18 00@19 00

HOPS—Stocks are reduced to almost nothing. The market is nominally unchanged.

We quote California 4@10c; Oregon and Washington Territory 2@8c.

WOOL—There is very little doing. Reported sales for the month drawing to a close aggregate about 800 bags, mostly Humboldt and Eastern Oregon. The former brought 24@25½c for good to fancy, and the range on the latter was probably 17@19c, with a few selected bags perhaps higher. Prices were not made public, and we only speak from current report. The market it dull and more or less nominal. Oregon Valley is entirely so. Stocks of California, excepting Humboldt, Sonoma and Mendocino, are nearly cleaned up bare and prices are entirely nominal.

San Joaquin, fair to good	16	@	20
San Joaquin, poor to fair	12	@	15
Southern, fair to good	15	@	20
Southern, poor to fair	10	@	12
Northern, choice	24	@	25
Northern, fair to good	20	@	23
Humboldt and Sonoma	25	@	26
Eastern Oregon	16	@	19
Valley Oregon	20	@	25

BUTTER—There is little falling off in receipts. The demand is very light. During the whole month the market has ruled very dull and weak. A great deal of good butter has sold at 16c and fair at 15c. At the moment there is no improvement.

CHEESE—Receipts are moderate, but stocks are heavy and the market is dull and weak.

EGGS—Supplies from Utah are still free. Receipts of California are light, although larger than usual for the season. Choice are scarce and worth more money, but poor are plentiful and cheap as ever.

We quote: California choice fresh roll butter, 17@18c; common to good roll, 14@16c; Cheese, California, 6@9c; Western Cheese, 10@12c ℔ lb; California Eggs, 22@27½c.

SALMON AND SMOKED FISH—There is nothing new to note.

We quote, $1 10@$1 15 for 1-lb tins; bbl, $4@$6; hf bbl, 2 50@$3 50; all as to qual, where caught and grade of fish. Cod, Pacific, bdls 5@6c ℔ lb; Cod, in cases, 6½@7c; Cod, boneless, Eastern, 9@10c ℔ lb; Georges Cod, 9c ℔ lb; Mackerel, hf bbls, No. 1, $10 00@$11 00; do, hf bbls, No. 2, $8 00@$10 00; do, kits, No. 1, $2 25@$2 50; do, kits, No. 2, $2 00@$2 25.

PROVISIONS—Hams are active, but under larger receipts rather easier. Bacon is steady, and lard dull and weak.

We quote: California plain Hams, 9@10; Eastern Canvased C. S. C. Hams, 13@15c, as to brand; California Lard, 7@7½c; Eastern do, 8@12½c; California Bacon, 7@9c; Eastern Bacon, 8@10c; California Smoked Beef, $9 00@$11 00 ℔ bbl; Beef, $8 50@$10 50 ℔ bbl; hf bbl, $4 50@$6 00; Pork ℔ bbl, $13 00@$20 00.

BEANS AND DRIED PEAS—The market remains as before reported, dull and weak.

Peas, ℔ 100 lbs, $2 00@2 25; Butter, $2 00 @$2 25; Lima, $6 50@$6 75; Red, $1 15@$1 30; Pink, $1 00@$1 20; Bayos, $1 10@$1 20; Small, white, $2 00@2 25; Dried Peas, sweet, —@— Dried Peas, Blackeye, $1 00 @$1 50; Dried Peas, small white, $1 00@$1 12½; Dried Peas, field pea, $1 00@1 50.

POTATOES AND ONIONS—Potatoes are in excessive supply, dull and demoralized. Onions are in ample supply, fair demand and steady.

Pototoes—We quote, 20@25c ℔ box and 25 @35c ℔ sack, the latter for very choice. Onions are quotable at 40@75c for good red to choice yellow. Poor red sell at from 25 to 35c.

BAGS AND BAGGING—All the supply is pooled and held for higher prices. No rate is established yet. We quote nominally 11½ @12c, at which small lots outside the ring are selling.

A bride of considerable beauty went to Indianapolis on the honeymoon tour. Her huband was manifestly proud of her good looks. While they were going about the city she was struck in the face by a falling sign-board and her nose broken. The attending surgeon said she was disfigured for life. "Just my luck," the husband exclaimed; "property always goes to ruin in my hands."

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AGENTS WANTED FOR HEROES and Statesmen of America, A new book of biography, "New Law Encylopedia," "Hand Book of Medicine," "Transmission of Life," "Physical Life of Women," "Diseases of Live Stock and their Most Efficient Remedies" and new "Cyclopedia of Domestic Economy." These works sell readily and money can be made by any agent. Send for circulars of these and other books, F. DEWING & Co., 207 Dupont street San Francisco.

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IRON PIPE, Plain and Galvanized.
BRASS COCKS For Water and Steam.
GARDEN HOSE, Best 3 ply.
Fittings, Sheet Zinc, Lead Pipe, Sewer Traps, Boilers, Bath Tubs, etc. Send for Price Lists.
W. R. ALLEN 761 Market Street, SAN FRANCISCO.

Mills Seminary.

The NEXT TERM of this well-known Institution will commence on
Wednesday, July 30th, 1879.
Terms have been reduced, and scholarships for several pupils have been secured.
For Circulars giving particulars address
REV. C. T. MILLS.
Mills Seminary P. O. Alameda Co., Cal.



FORMERLY OF WOODLAND, YOLO CO., CAL.

PACIFIC WATER CURE
—AND—
Eclectic Health Institute,
NORTHWEST CORNER 7th AND L STS.
SACRAMENTO, CAL.

Being fully prepared to treat all forms of disease on the latest and most scientific principles, together with good rooms and board, we with confidence ask for public patronage. For further particulars address **M. F. CLAYTON, M. D., Proprietor.**

"DOMESTIC" THE LIGHT RUNNING
SEWING MACHINE,
SAVES MUSCLE,

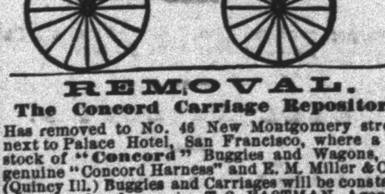
HEALTH, TIME AND TEMPER. The most popular machine in the market. Liberal terms to agents or dealers. Send for price list to J. W. EVANS, 29 Post St., San Francisco.

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SOLE AGENTS
FOR THE
Sharps Rifle Co., of Bridgeport, Conn.
FOR CALIFORNIA, OREGON, ARIZONA, NEVADA, WASHINGTON TERRITORY, AND IDAHO.



Also, Agent for W. W. GREENER'S Celebrated Wedgefast, Chokebore Breech-loading DOUBLE GUNS; and all kinds of GUNS, RIFLES and PISTOLS made by the Leading Manufacturers of England and America. AMMUNITION of all kinds in quantities to suit.

CONCORD CARRIAGES.



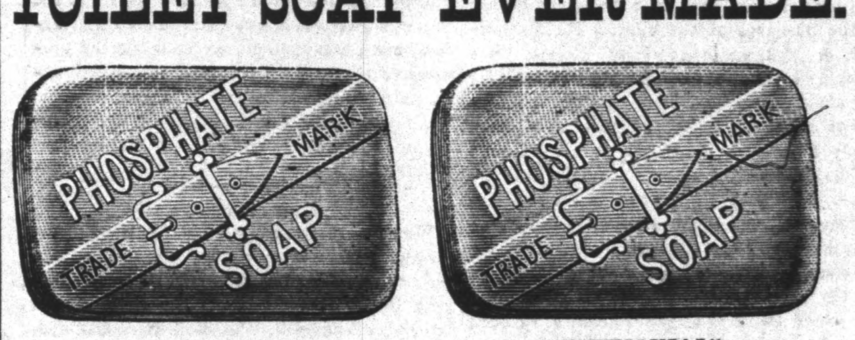
REMOVAL.
The Concord Carriage Repository
Has removed to No. 46 New Montgomery street, next to Palace Hotel, San Francisco, where a full stock of **"Concord"** Buggies and Wagons, the genuine "Concord Harness" and E. M. Miller & Co's (Quincy Ill.) Buggies and Carriages will be constantly kept on hand. T. S. EASTMAN, Agent.
46 New Montgomery St. S. F.

THE BEST **CLOTHING** For Men & Boys
C. C. HASTINGS & CO.
LICK HOUSE, SAN FRANCISCO.
Self-Measurement Rules Sent to any Address.

PHOSPHATE SOAP

THE BEST

TOILET SOAP EVER MADE.



THE BEST soap for toilet use ever manufactured. BEST because it contains all the excellencies of the most expensive foreign or American soaps without their defects. BEST because it combines strength with delicacy in such a way that its strong detersive qualities do not injure the skin. BEST because it is the result of years of study and experiment in the soap manufacturing business, assisted by modern chemical discoveries. BEST because it contains ingredients beneficial to the skin, which unite chemically with the soap in such a manner as to increase its saponaceous qualities. Every chemist familiar with soap manufacturer knows that some ingredients which are in themselves beneficial to the skin cannot be saponified; some are partially neutralized, while others injure the quality of the soap. There are soaps in the market which are to some extent beneficial to the skin, but they are inferior articles for toilet use. PHOSPHATE SOAP is the ONLY article offered to the public which combines all the best elements of toilet soap with medical ingredients beneficial to the skin.

TESTIMONIALS:

SAN FRANCISCO, July 19, 1879.
Standard Soap Co.—GENTLEMEN: The ladies of my household (four in number) unite with me in pronouncing your "Phosphate Soap" the best ever tried for toilet use. It is noticeable that while it readily removes impurities from the skin, it also leaves undisturbed the *natural oil so essential* to the health. It is not too strong language to say that we are delighted with it.
C. M. SAWTELLE, M. D.,
120 Capp street.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 19, 1879.
Standard Soap Co.—GENTS: I have tried your "Phosphate Soap," and have no hesitation in saying that it is the best toilet soap I ever used. My wife has used it and is of the same opinion. I have paid as high as fifty cents per cake for an article in every respect inferior to what you sell for twenty-five cents.
HENRY H. LYNCH,
515 Haight street.

If your wife is in the habit of using cosmetics of any kind, advise her to give up the pernicious practice, as the most harmless face powders obstruct the pores of the skin and sooner or later injure the complexion, while PHOSPHATE SOAP removes all impurities and assists nature in developing a natural, healthy and beautiful skin.

It is an old proverb that an ounce of preventive is better than a pound of cure. Twenty-five cents invested in a cake of PHOSPHATE SOAP will save hundreds of dollars in doctors' bills. It acts as a constant disinfectant, preventing Salt Rheum and other skin diseases.

Not only for daily use on the face and hands, but for bathing the entire body, there is nothing equal to PHOSPHATE SOAP. It is a thorough disinfectant and removes offensive odors of every kind.

Cheap toilet soaps manufactured from rancid and refuse grease injure the skin and are really more expensive than PHOSPHATE SOAP, which retails for 25 cents per cake.

Thousands of articles are palmed off on the public which have no genuine merit, but PHOSPHATE SOAP is the result of modern discoveries of celebrated chemists.

Sensible girls avoid cosmetics but use PHOSPHATE SOAP for the toilet because it is fragrant, pure and pleasant.

If your wife will persist in the use of cosmetics buy her a cake of PHOSPHATE SOAP and tell her to use it every night before retiring. In that way much of the harm will be avoided, as the skin will thereby be able to retain much of its natural vigor and beauty.

No salve or ointment can heal a wound or sore of any kind. Every educated physician will tell you that nature alone can do this. PHOSPHATE SOAP, by its cleansing, soothing and purifying qualities, gives nature a chance to act freely.

Natural beauty surpasses anything which can be imparted by artificial means. PHOSPHATE SOAP gives health to the skin simply by removing impurities and eradicating the poisons which give rise to skin diseases.

PHOSPHATE SOAP costs no more than other good toilet soaps, while its medicinal qualities make it worth ten times its price to every man, woman and child.

If you wish to make your hands soft buy a cake of PHOSPHATE SOAP, and when that is gone you will buy a dozen and recommend your friends to do the same.

For all diseases of the skin use PHOSPHATE SOAP. There is nothing like it for removing impurities and giving the skin a healthy and natural vigor.

PHOSPHATE SOAP is an elegant article for the toilet. It retails for 25 cents a cake and one cake will last longer than three of cheap, inferior soaps.

PHOSPHATE SOAP Possesses medicinal qualities surpassing anything else in the market. For chapped hands, eruptions on the face or scalp or skin diseases of any kind, use **PHOSPHATE SOAP.** It should be in every house. Sold by all dealers. One cake sent by mail on receipt of 30 cents in postage stamps. A neat box containing 3 cakes sent by mail postpaid on receipt of 80 cents.

MANUFACTURED BY THE
STANDARD SOAP CO.,
204 Sacramento St., San Francisco.

OUR Ladies' Outfit Case, contains 1 Bias Cutting Gauge for cutting Bias Trimmings, with Tracing Wheel, price 50 cents; 1 pair Unique Hair Crimpers, the best in the world, price 25 cents; 1 Pocket Pin Cushion, Writing Tablet and Mirror, price 25 cents. The whole packed securely in a nice case and mailed to any address, postage paid, on receipt of 50 cents in stamps. Liberal inducements to agents.
A. S. SPENCE & Co., 24 Geary St., San Francisco.

DIXON'S
AMERICAN GRAPHITE
EVERLASTING
AXLE
GREASE.
IT WON'T RUN. IT WON'T GUM.
For Sale by all Grocers.
W. HOLT, No. 717 Montgomery street, San Francisco, Agent for the Pacific Coast.

CURING WITHOUT DRUGS!
....THE....
TRALL HYGIENIC SANITARIUM,
No. 8 Ellis St., San Francisco.

THERMO-ELECTRIC, STEAM, HOT AIR AND other Baths. Oxygen, Electricity, Swedish Movements, Health Lift, etc.

Healthful Board and Pleasant Sunny Rooms

D. C. MOORE, M. D. (Late associate of Dr. Trall,) Resident Physician and Manager.
Mrs. E. D. MOORE, M. D. Ladies Physician and House Superintendent.
SEE TRALL HEALTH JOURNAL.

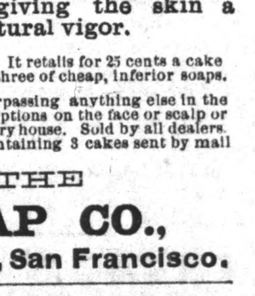
HARNESS!
And Saddlery Goods Wholesale and Retail.



Double Ranch Harness, $15 to $45 per set; Double Buggy Harness, $30 to $150 per set; Single Buggy Harness, $12.50 to $75 per set; Side Saddles, $8 to $50 each; Buggy whips, $1.50 to $36 per doz.; California Buck lashes 10 ft. $14 to $24 per doz.; two horse lashes 6 ft., $2 to $7 per doz.; Copper rivets, 35c. per lb.; Harness leather, good quality, 29c. to 34c. per lb.; Curry Combs, $1 to $4 per doz.; Hame Straps, $2 per doz.; Snake whips, $8 to $30 per doz.; sweat Collars, $8 to $12 per doz.; Riding Bridles, $10.50 to $21 per doz.; Sinchos, $4.50 to $18 per doz.; Collars $15 to $30 per doz.; California hand forged Bits and Spurs.
My heavy saddles for stock herding on the best **hard wood trees,** cannot be excelled for price and quality. Orders by express promptly filled and satisfaction guaranteed. W. DAVIS, 421 Market St., near First, San Francisco. Send for Price List.

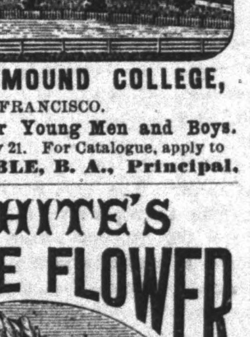
Dr. Spinney & Co.,

11 Kearny St., San Francisco. There are many men from thirty to sixty years of age suffering from general prostration and a weakening of the system which they can not account for. Dr. Spinney will guarantee a perfect cure in all such cases and a complete restoration of the physical and nervous powers. Call or address as above.



UNIVERSITY MOUND COLLEGE,
SAN FRANCISCO.
Boarding School for Young Men and Boys.
Fall term begins July 21. For Catalogue, apply to
JOHN GAMBLE, B. A., Principal.

DR. WHITE'S
PRAIRIE FLOWER



THE GREAT
LIVER PANACEA
Cures Every Form of
LIVER COMPLAINT, DYSPEPSIA,
KIDNEY COMPLAINT,
DISEASES OF THE
STOMACH AND BOWELS,
And all Diseases arising from
DYSPEPSIA,
—SUCH AS—
SOUR STOMACH,
SICK HEADACHE, BILIOUSNESS,
HEARTBURN, ETC.
Is Purely Vegetable.

Its action on disease is entirely different from any medicine ever introduced. Three doses will relieve any ordinary case, but the medicine should be continued until it effects a complete cure. It tones and invigorates the digestive organs and stimulates the liver to healthy action, thus preventing or entirely curing diseases arising from indigestion, or weak and impure blood.

Samples Free at all Drug Stores.
Large Size, Price 75 Cents.
For convenience in carrying, the Prairie Flower is put up in lozenges, **Price 25 cts.** per box.
CHANNING WHITE, Prop'r,
TOLEDO, O.
Secured by U. S. Letters Patent No. 6,659, dated Washington, D. C., Oct. 1st, 1878

The Yolo Democrat

Thursday, August 7th, 1879.

Under the Gaslight.

EDITOR DEMOCRAT:—While standing on the street corner the other evening I was struck by the personnel of the motley throng as the incessant stream of busy humanity hurried over the stone pavement, each separate individual bent on some mission, probably better known to himself than any one else. In the full glare of the brilliant gaslight, from my undisturbed retreat, a happy opportunity was afforded for the study of human nature, and I decided that the public should have the benefit of my observations. Just as I had arrived at this conclusion my attention was attracted by a slow, measured tread on the pavement, and looking up, I beheld two stately forms bearing the characteristics of full fledged politicians. One would have inferred from the earnestness of their conversation that they were negotiating for the purchase of the Central Pacific Railroad, or that some crushing disaster was threatening the safety of our liberties and that they alone possessed the information. On further information I learned that they were simply discussing the merits of the different candidates for the office of Justice of the Peace. A ringing laugh, sweet as the strain of Orpheus attracted my attention, and in a moment more the air was resonant with the affectionate "gags" of a dashing young "masher" and his partner. He might have been the only son of a superannuated millionaire, without any cousins or sisters or aunts. It is possible that he had settled his tailor's bill for the latest style dress he wore, but the chances were woefully against him. As the melody of their silver voices melted in the distance, and their Medusian forms vanished in the darkness, I sat pondering over the vanity of human hopes and trying to conciliate my dazzled ideas to the belief that valor was not the only recourse to true greatness. I was startled from this reverie by a quick time double tattoo of cow-hide on the sidewalk, sounding something like a roll-call beaten on a fence board. As he passed by like a comet behind time, I discerned the determined mien of an insurance agent with his metaphorical eye fixed on some unsuspecting victim in another part of town. At this juncture a fashionable dry goods clerk, hair parted in the middle, came dashing by, while the air in the neighborhood was incensed with the fragrance of all the perfumes embraced in a Parisian toilet. As I watched the fluttering gleam of his coat tail disappear through the doorway of a five cent beer saloon my sense of realization was shocked by the awful exemplification of human vanity, and I at once abandoned my post for the night to seek my humble couch and dream on the fallacies and vain aspirations of mankind. You may again hear from OLD ZIP.

Letter From Winters.

WINTERS, July 28, 1879.

EDITOR DEMOCRAT:—I have no news—everything is political chaos. The gallant candidate on the Foxtail ticket for District Attorney has been telling the people of this neighborhood that the only possible way to put the New Constitution machinery in running order is to elect him and Judge Johnson. In that event and no other will the country be safe. We should of course like to send him to Woodland to guard our legal interests but we cannot afford to lose this newly acquired luminary—limb of the law I mean—from our midst. The void could not be easily refilled, and besides we have an affectionate appreciation for any young man who in three or four short years can rise from the bar—the bar—behind the bar, I mean—to a place at the bar of justice. And a young man exhibits a spirit of popular energy and devoted sincerity in the cause of reform who can lead to ignominious defeat two or three mushroom parties in the same number of years, and come out a full fledged champion and bragadocio. No, we cannot suffer him to leave us—our interests would be paralyzed—and that is the only reason we have for going for Grant. As for the Judge, we believe him to be an honest and faithful man, but time and political leap-frog have rendered him unworthy our support. Bush is the only nominee suited to the position of Superior Judge, and although Winters is the stronghold of the Foxtails, the people here are determined to vote for the Democratic nominee for that office at least. X. Y. Z.

"Around the World."

This is the title of an illustrated weekly journal of the Woodruff Expedition, a specimen number of which we have received. The Woodruff Expedition was projected by James Orton Woodruff some years ago, and was for a time thought to be abandoned, but is now in a hopeful condition. The Expedition will consist of a floating college, to start from New York, and circumnavigate the globe, thereby offering the students the double advantage of a scientific education and also a knowledge of travel. William Smith Clark, LL. D., a man of world-wide renown, is Director of the Expedition. The cost of scholarship is placed at $3,000, and applicants must furnish testimonials of good moral character and must be well versed in the common branches of English education. The idea of a floating college, making its regular trips to all parts of the world, though novel now may in future become a popular educational system. There are certainly many benefits to accrue from the plan, and it would not excite our wonder if it should some time be brought into general use.

Princeville, Oregon.

From a letter from Princeville, Oregon, written by a former resident of Yolo County, we take the following extracts, relating to that region:

This is certainly the best grass country on top of God's green earth. There is plenty of water and timber, and stock is worth more here than any other place I have ever been. This part of Oregon has been settled about seven years. * * * There is some good farming land on the creeks. We can raise all the hay and grain the country needs. Anybody can take 100 head of horses that will cost $10 in California and raise horses that will sell for from $40 to $100 per head. We never feed horses or cattle in winter; they can get plenty of grass to live on. There has been not less than 60,000 head of cattle taken from this part of the country since last Spring. The Indians gave us some trouble last Summer, but we have the best of them now. * * * Any one having a small amount of capital to invest can find no better place to locate than here.

Threatened by Grasshoppers.

The *Truckee Republican* says that California is threatened by grasshoppers. They have reached the summit of the Sierras, and in swarms are crossing the mountain barrier, which separates them from the fertile fields and valleys of California. The summer is yet in its infancy, and the locusts will live for at least six weeks or two months. They can do no actual damage in this valley this summer, but if there is time for them to reach the foothills before depositing their eggs, unlimited harm may result next year. Cannot some wise man invent some plan to prevent this locust scourge.

The State Fair.

The State Agricultural Society have issued an address to the Grangers of the State, calling their attention to the fact that the Society was established for the encouragement and support of agriculture, and the practical education and elevation of all those engaged in that occupation. They appeal to every Granger, male and female, to come to their aid, give it support and secure it proper management and benefits; to attend its fairs and bring some of the products of the farm, the orchard and the vine yard for exhibition and competition, thereby making the State Fairs the occasion of a general annual harvest feast and practical thanksgiving, as well as a school for practical advancement and improvement. We have always believed that Fairs filled an important function in developing, not only the agricultural, but every other interest of a State. Agriculture, perhaps, is more benefited than any other industry, and those interested in that pursuit should use their influence to make our State Fairs a success. By a comparison each year of farm and garden produce, we think the farmer's interests might be promoted and agriculture brought to more systematic and progressive methods. California has already acquired a reputation for her yearly exhibitions, and it should be the ambition of every husbandman to sustain and even to elevate that reputation.

New Patents.

We have received notice of the issue of the following patents to Pacific coast inventors, for the week ending July 22d, 1879: P. Bargion, Black Diamond, Cal., combined rail and telegraph conductor; Wm. H. Brodel, Oakland, Cal., sight for fire-arms; J. C. Ludwig, S. F., electro magnetic motor; Charles A. Mentry, Newhall station, Cal., reamer for deep wells; J. H. Simmons, S. F., gun wiper; N. Watry, S. F., nose clamp for eye-glasses; Wm. Wilson, Oakland, sewer-trap attachment; A. Collie, Modesto, Cal., water-lifter.

Announcement

.....TO THE.....

People of Yolo and Neighboring Counties:

The undersigned takes pleasure in announcing that

THE PUGET SOUND

LUMBER CO.

HAS PURCHASED OF

GEO. D. FISKE & CO.

.....THE.....

DEPOT LUMBER YARD

AT WOODLAND,

And will immediately re-stock it with a

LARGE & VARIED ASSORTMENT

.....OF.....

Oregon Pine, Sugar Pine

.....AND.....

REDWOOD LUMBER,

DOORS,
WINDOWS,
BLINDS,
FINE HAIR,
PLASTER,
CEMENT, ETC.

LUMBER SAWED TO ORDER

.....AND.....

FURNISHED PER CARGO.

☞ **This Company owning its Mills and Vessels, brings its Lumber direct to the Railroad at Vallejo, and is therefore enabled to sell at Cheaper Rates than heretofore offered to the people of this vicinity, and persons wanting a bill of Lumber will certainly make a great mistake if they do not call on this firm before making their purchases.**

A. POWELL,

Manager Puget Sound Lumber Co.

Yards at Woodland, Willows, South Vallejo, and Agencies at all other important towns.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE, SOUTH VALLEJO.

jy1dw

BENOIT BROS.

Merchant Tailors,

Have just received a large and most elegant assortment of French, English, Scotch and Domestic Goods of the Newest styles.

Gentlemen, before ordering elsewhere, you will do well to call and inspect. For elegance in

FIT AND WORKMANSHIP

We Defy Competition.

Suits made to Order at San Francisco Prices.

Suits	$22 to $45.00
Pants	4.50
Pants, French Doeskin	11.00

Also, SHIRTS made to order.

BENOIT BROS.,
One door West of Postoffice, Woodland.
jel-1w

A CARD.

This is to certify that the WESTERN FIRE AND MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA has settled my loss, which occurred on the 11th of June, satisfactorily, and I cheerfully recommend my friends to insure with the "WESTERN" through their gentlemanly agent, GEO. D. FISKE, Jr., at Woodland, knowing that in case of loss they will meet with prompt settlement.

W. C WRIGHT.
Woodland, July 2, 1879. jy8dw

MONEY TO LOAN ON WHEAT

—AT A—

Reasonable Rate of Interest.

GEO. D. FISKE,
July 24th, 1879. [jy25dw2w] P. O. BLOCK.

MULES FOR SALE!

A fine lot of heavy Mules, recently brought from the East by Railroad, suitable for any kind of team or farm work, are offered for sale by the undersigned. Enquire of

S. A. HOWARD,
jy21w Woodland, Cal.

FRENCH RESTAURANT.

WOODLAND, CAL.

Oysters in Every Style!

MEALS AT ALL HOURS. Ice-Cream and Strawberries. Board by the week, Five Dollars.

1dw B. DENNERY, Prop'r.

Great Unreserved Sale

AT A. ALEXANDER'S

WHITE HOUSE.

A Sheriff's Slaughter of Dry Goods, Clothing, Etc.

HAVING PURCHASED THE

ENTIRE STOCK OF R. FORRESTER

AT SHERIFF'S SALE

For Fifty Cts. on a Dollar,

Will offer the people of Yolo and vicinity this stock of

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING,

Etc., etc., on hand at such

A Great Reduction from former prices,

That an examination will prove the inducements offered.

THIS GREAT UNRESERVED SALE

WILL BE HELD

FOR NINETY DAYS ONLY!

☞ Don't miss this chance to buy Cheap Goods. A word to the wise is sufficient. Call and be convinced at

A. ALEXANDERS WHITE HOUSE,
Jy3w3m MAIN STREET, WOODLAND.

"Encyclopædia Britannica!"

AMERICAN REPRINT.

I am now prepared to take subscriptions for the above work in Yolo County.

THIS WORK NEEDS NO PRAISE!

More Complete and Comprehensive than all Cyclopædias

At Half the Price of the English Edition,

And less than half of any other Cyclopædia extant; it is within the reach of all who desire a

Full and Complete Library,

For reference on all subjects—

SCIENTIFIC,
LITERARY
AND HISTORICAL,

An examination of the work is solicited.

J. G. COLMESNIL,
Agent for Yolo County
Address: Capital Hotel, Woodland.
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Summer Trade.

1879.

MADISON,

YOLO COUNTY.

W. LEVY,

.....DEALER IN.....

DRY GOODS

.....AND.....

GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

Has on hand Heavy Stocks of Dry Goods, Ready Made Clothing, Boots, Hats, Hardware, Crockery, Farm Implements,

BUILDING AND SHELF-HARDWARE

FRESH FAMILY GROCERIES,

ETC., ETC.

Ten per cent. will be deducted on all Cash Sales of over Five Dollars.

CALL AT LEVY'S.

Pays Cash for Grain and Wool. my2dw

.....THE.....

Pioneer Corner Store,

WOODLAND,

A. NICKELSBURG & BRO.,

DEALERS IN

GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

GRAIN AND GRAIN BAGS!

Low Prices for Goods, and Fair Dealing Guaranteed to Every One.

CALL AND SEE US.

jy1w A. NICKELSBURG & BRO.

SMITH'S

AMERICAN

PIANOS AND ORGANS,

.....AT.....

WHOLESALE PRICES!

83,000 SMITH'S ORGANS

.....AND.....

40,000 PIANOS NOW IN USE.

Each Instrument Warranted for Ten Years!

Any style of Piano or Organ sent on 15 days' test trial by furnishing Banker's, Express or R. R. Co's. Certificate of Deposit for amount; also, Sheet Music at one-half marked price.

Send for Illustrated Catalogues and Price Lists to

JAMES S. SMITH,

MANUFACTURERS' AGENT,

203 Post, and 201, 203 and 205 Dupont Street,

SAN FRANCISCO.

JUST RECEIVED:

A Large and Well Selected Stock of

FIRST-CLASS

FASHIONABLE TAILORING GOODS.

Prices to Suit the Times.

A. BUTZ,

Main St., Opp. Craft Hotel.

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WOODLAND MEAT MARKET!

A few doors West of Postoffice.

BARNES & CO., Proprietors.

[Successor to Byrns, Gable & Co.]

ALL KINDS OF

FRESH AND SALT MEATS

Kept constantly on hand, and of the best qualities, including Beef, Mutton, Veal, Pork, Sausage, Lard, Etc., Etc.

The Highest Price Paid for Fat Cattle, Hogs and Sheep.

A DELIVERY WAGON will carry meats to any part of town.

The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited, and all who favor us with their orders may rely on fair dealing. jy1dw

J. K. SMITH,

Manufacturer and Dealer in

FURNITURE AND BEDDING,

COLLEGE BLOCK, MAIN ST.,
Woodland, Cal., opp. the Craft House.

UNDERTAKING promptly attended to.

A fine new hearse in connection with the business. jel-dw

THE TAMPICO BUSTS

Now used in

Dr. Warner's Health Corset



And **Skirt Supporters** are the greatest improvement ever made in Corsets. They are as soft as velvet, very flexible and contain no bones.

Price by mail, $1.50; Nursing Corset, $1.75.

THE FLEXIBLE HIP CORSET,

(120 Bones) fits with perfect ease and is *Warranted* not to break over the hips.

Price, . . $1.25.

For sale by all leading merchants.

WARNER BROTHERS,
351, Broadway, New York. my8w

EDWARD RIDLEY & SONS,

309 to 311½ Grand, and 68 to 70 Allen Sts.,

NEW YORK.

Spring and Summer of 1879:

Our New and Complete

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE & PRICE LIST

Is now ready, and will be sent to any address on receipt of price, **25 cents per year**, published semi-annually; or 15 cents each.

This edition is the most perfect of its kind in the world, containing 272 pages and over 1,000 illustrations, comprehending every article a lady is likely to want for herself or her family. Millinery, Straw and Fancy Goods, Ladies' and Children's Suits and Underwear, Hosiery, Kid Gloves, Corsets, Shoes, Boys' Clothing, Boys and Mens' Underwear and Hats, Silks, Laces, Dress Goods, Jewelry, Napery, Childrens' Carriages, Chamber Sets, etc., at the lowest New York prices given in plain figures, and all information necessary to enable any person to order goods by mail or express and receive prompt attention.

Address, **E. RIDLEY & SONS.**
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New Jewelry Store!

JAMES A. BARCLAY,

WATCH MAKER AND JEWELER,

Main Street, . . Woodland.

(*SUCCESSOR TO L. MACHEFERT,*)

—DEALER IN—

GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES,

CLOCKS, JEWELRY,

SPECTACLES, TABLE CUTLERY,

PLATED & SILVERWARE,

GOLD PENS, ETC.

The public are cordially invited to call and examine goods and prices. All goods warranted as represented or money refunded.

Work Sent by Express Promptly Attended to.

jy5w J. A. BARCLAY.

C. D. MORIN,

At his Old Stand, opposite the Bank of Woodland,

Is prepared to do all kinds of

PLUMBING, GAS-FITTING,

—AND—

METAL ROOFING

And Manufacturer of

Tin, Copper and Sheet-Iron Wares;

ALSO, DEALER IN

STOVES,



PUMPS,

IRON AND GALVANIZED PIPES OF ALL SIZES.

AGENT FOR THE

CELEBRATED "UNION RANGE!"

—AND THE—

"MEDALLION RANGE."

HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS OF ALL KINDS IN HIS LINE.

CALVANIZED IRON

WATER TANKS!

All Sizes, made to order.

AGENCY FOR

Rose's deep well Force Pumps.

TOOLS FOR BORING WELLS Can be had at my Store.

ORDERS FROM THE COUNTRY Promptly attended to.

☞ SHOP ON MAIN STREET, (Next to Gray & Wood's Hardware Store.)

jel-w C. D. MORIN

Watches, Clocks,

JEWELRY AND FANCY GOODS,

SCHOOL BOOKS,

Miscellaneous Books, Stationery

AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, ETC.,

Always to be found at

G. W. GREENE'S

JEWELRY STORE,

Main Street, College Block, Woodland.

Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired in a satisfactory manner and on short notice. [jel-w

REMOVAL!

J. A. Wilson,

Furniture Dealer,

Gives notice to his old customers and the public generally, that he has removed to

111 J STREET,

A few doors above his old place, in the same block, where he has a splendid Stock of Furniture of all kinds. Give him a call.

J. A. WILSON, 111 J St.,
SACRAMENTO.
my10w

FRAZER & CO.,

Having purchased the well known and popular

MEAT MARKET

Heretofore conducted by **Johnson & Rossmayer**, propose to sell Meats at **8, 8, 10, and 12½ Cents** per pound, and respectfully solicit the patronage of their old customers and the public generally. Bills will be collected monthly.

Market in College Block,

CORNER MAIN STREET, WOODLAND

Meat Delivered anywhere in Town.

jy1dw

A. D. PORTER,

Wholesale and Retail

GROCER

—AND—

Dealer in Produce generally.

MAIN STREET, WOODLAND.
jy1w

F. B. CHANDLER,

DEALER IN

LUMBER

—AND—

ALL KINDS OF BUILDING MATERIAL,

Elmira, Solano County; Winters, Yolo County; and Madison, Yolo Co., Cal.

All our stock purchased direct from the Manufacturers. my21w

For the Cheapest & Best



MOWERS,
HEADERS,
SEPARATORS AND ENGINES,



HEADER WAGONS,

—GO TO—

F. S. FREEMAN & CO.,

Who sell Everything in the way of

HARDWARE

—AND—

HOUSE FURNISHING GOODS

—AT—

SAN FRANCISCO WHOLESALE PRICES!

As they import their goods DIRECT FROM THE FACTORIES!

We will sell General Merchandise Cheaper than Ever at our Store at Capay, Cal.

☞ SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO

Buying Wool and Grain!

Jy17w

P. KRELLENBERG,

Dealer in all kinds of

Furniture

—AND—

Bedding!

A Large Assortment Always on hand, which will be sold

AT REASONABLE PRICES!

—ALSO,—

GENERAL UNDERTAKER!



I keep on hand a large lot of Burial Cases and Coffins, and have a FIRST-CLASS HEARSE, so that I am prepared to supply

Everything Necessary for Funerals on Short Notice!

STORE, COR. THIRD & MAIN STS.,

Opp. Peckman's Stables,

au1w WOODLAND.

H. F. WOOD,

DEALER IN

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS

MACHINERY,

Hardware, Woodenware, Paints, Oils,

MAIN STREET, WOODLAND.

The latest improved Machinery and Agricultural Implements, which he sells at San Francisco prices.

Myer's Excelsior Gang Plow!

ONE OF THE VERY BEST IN USE.



He also calls attention to his

Iron and Wood-worker's Tools,

And Stock-in-Trade, consisting in IRON, STEEL, COAL, SPRINGS, AXLES, BOLTS, NAILS, LOCKS, SCREWS, HINGES, ETC.

CASTINGS FOR MACHINERY.

Cutlery, in Every Style,

CORDAGE, BLASTING POWDER,

Fuse, and all kinds of Ammunition.

The stock of PAINTERS' FINDINGS is large and complete, consisting of

Paints, Oils, Brushes, Window-Glass, Etc., Etc.

☞ The attention of Farmers, Mechanics and Builders is particularly invited to his stock, each line of which is complete, and will be sold at very low prices.

H. B. WOOD

WOODLAND, Sept. 24, 1874. jy1w

CAPITAL HOTEL.

Woodland.

Having purchased, thoroughly renovated and refurnished this old and favorite house throughout, the patronage of the resident and traveling public is respectfully solicited.

Good Boarding and Comfortable Rooms

At reasonable prices by the day or week. The table will be supplied with the best the market affords.

No Chinese Cooks Employed.

Free bus to and from all passenger trains.

JOHN TACKNEY, Proprietor. jel-w

To the Ladies of Woodland and Vicinity.

Rag Carpet Manufactory.

The undersigned wishes to inform the public that he has just established himself in Woodland, and is prepared to weave rag carpets for all who wish them.

PRICES:

Fancy Patterns, per yard	50 cts
Patterns with white warp, per yard	45 cts
Plain Patterns, per yard	40 cts

For Sale at Nickelsburg Bros.'

Orders left at Porter's Store will be promptly attended to. THOMAS McCANNA.

Jy15-3m

STATE HOUSE.

Corner K and Tenth Streets, - - Sacramento

H. ELDRED, Proprietor.

Board and Lodging, $3.00 to $12.00 per Week. Single Meals, 25 cts. Board $4.00 per Week. Single Rooms, 50 cts. Family Rooms, $1@2.50 Fine Wines at the Bar. A Billiard Room attached. (Street Cars pass the door every Six Minutes.)